New Republic

MARCH 29, 1948

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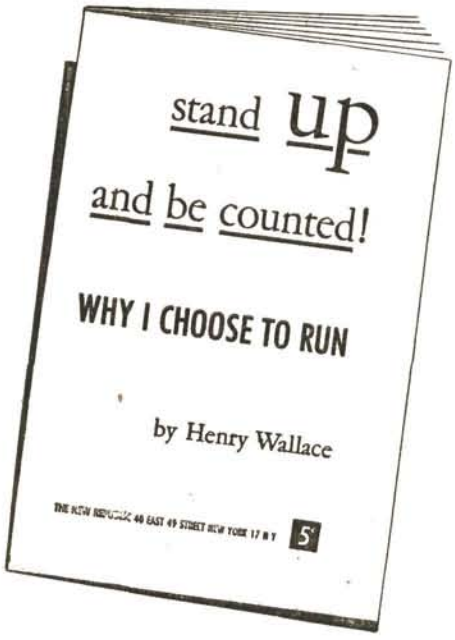

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

FRANKLY and candidly, we think Harry Truman is licked. We don't think any "crisis atmosphere" will elect him. There immediately appeared, of course, charges that his play to Congress on UMT was an election maneuver. But the simple fact is that Truman isn't the type of strong man to whom folks turn in time of national danger. The idea of Truman as a "man on horseback" is just funny. People are much more likely to turn to General MacArthur—God help us!

Another plain fact is that Secretary Marshall is not politically minded. He is not trying to elect anybody. He may be wrong about Russia, but he is playing the part of devoted national servant. Truman, to him, is just incidental.

Marshall sees America gravely threatened. All the democratic prime ministers of Europe are appealing to him, though, of course, it doesn't get into the papers. On foreign-affairs statements, it is Truman's bad delivery, but it is Marshall speaking.

Marshall has taken an extremely hazardous risk. He has put it up to Congress to do something, to show Moscow we are in earnest. But suppose Congress won't do anything, stalls, delays. . . ? What then? Marshall's answer is simple and soldierly: every time you enter battle you take a risk. He believes at this juncture of history the political risk is justified. Russia has somehow got to be made to feel that America means business.

As for Truman, and we say it with some regret, we think he is sunk. He has stood out against a lot of dreadful Republican legislation. Southern Democrats also think he is defeated. They feel they, and the party, have nothing particular to risk in taking a crack at him now in protest against recommendations which they accepted, without blinking, from victorious FDR. We fear the Truman campaign special next fall will be like the Hoover funeral train in 1932, which we remember gloomily. Indeed, we have about decided to cast a protest vote this year—for Our Harry.

The big television spotlights bored through the faintly smoky air of the House of Representatives. Outside there were signs of Washington spring: a forsythia bush was turning yellow, and John L. Lewis had started his regular vernal coal strike. In the chamber, at the emergency joint session, the President was speaking. The gloom and oppression that sat on the legislature when Truman made his Greek-Turkish speech was absent; this time, an air of nervous excitement prevailed.

As Truman urged UMT, there was a definitely self-conscious look on the faces below: politicians were weighing their chances with that unpopular measure, just before an election. When the President finished, there was applause that quickly petered out on the Republican side. Truman entered the chamber in a postwar atmosphere. He left it in a prewar atmosphere.

We constantly get intimations of what life in Washington will be like next January, under the Republicans. There won't be any little man in the White House then, with a big veto. Here are some current samples from the Republican-dominated Congress:

Sixteen Republicans and Democrats in the House Agriculture Committee outvoted 10 Democrats to shelve legislation repealing the federal taxes on margarine.

The reactionary House Rules Committee has pigeonholed the O'Mahoney-Kefauver bill plugging up a loophole in the anti-trust law, a bill forbidding corporations to swallow

(Continued on page 30)

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"All those in favor of Universal Military Training signify by saying 'aye'."

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 13, ISSUE 1739, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 29, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

IS THIS IT?

All over the country, grim-faced men and women snapped off their radios after the President had finished speaking, and looked anxiously at one another. Young veterans grinned without humor and began making the expected jokes about digging out their uniforms and trying them on. Little knots gathered about the newsstands and bought the still damp papers, with their flaring black headlines, to check the printed words against what they had heard. Spring was in the air and on the land, but not in the hearts of the anxious people as they went about their daily affairs hoping that, come summer, they could still be doing the same.

THE DRAFT

Selective Service is back. By its old euphemistic name, conscription is back for the Congress of the United States to talk about and for the people of the United States to worry about: Does its return mean that war is imminent or merely inevitable in the end?

The President, who probably doesn't know the answers anyway, gave no hint when he dumped Selective Service into the lap of Congress with no explanation except that the world is in a crisis more severe than usual. To ease the shock a little, he asked for "temporary" Selective Service, implying that if his Universal Military Training program also was passed quickly, Selective Service might be unnecessary at some unspecified future date—provided, of course, the crisis grew easier.

Some provocative questions were raised by the timing of the President's requests so soon after the meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Key West, while gloom from Prague was still thick and apprehension increasing over the crucial Italian elections. And equally important, why did he do it less than halfway through an uncertain US presidential year?

His hasty message to Congress can, however, be considered in the light of two immediate factors—the psychological effect at home and abroad, and the realities of the US need for more men in uniform. Though all three branches would welcome both UMT and Selective Service, it is the Army which wants it most. The Air Force, generous in pay and living comforts, is only 40,000 men below its authorized strength of 401,362. The Navy, with 454,499 men, is getting along well enough. But the Army, which on February 1 had 552,150 officers and enlisted men, is far below the authorized limit of 699,000. And it says it must have more men if it is to carry out its assigned tasks. The cold-war policy, therefore, is to blame.

Occupation forces in Germany, Austria and Japan; garrisons at home, in Alaska, the Canal Zone; service forces to supply troops in remote parts of the world—all these have cut so deep into Army manpower that only slightly more than two full divisions are counted as quickly available reserves. That is not enough, in the Army's view, for a world situation which, in strategists' eyes, is deteriorating rapidly and to face which the Army may at any time be called upon for new tasks.

DRAWING BY DOUG ANDERSON

To fulfill present assignments and be ready for possible new ones, the Army says we must have more men. Ordinary methods of recruiting have failed. In fact, the reënlistment and recruiting rates have fallen steadily.

More enlightened officers acknowledge the Army's part in creating its own plight. But reforms, they say, must wait. The Army wants more than 100,000 men to bring it immediately to authorized strength. Besides, it is going to ask to have its authorization raised, perhaps to one million ground troops ready to carry out whatever tasks are assigned by the government and designed to show Russia and the rest of Europe that the United States is strong and prepared.

That is where psychological considerations come into the President's request for Selective Service and UMT. The President, the cabinet and the Joint Chiefs, who are steering the cold war into a hotter phase, are calculating on results beyond the immediate use of more men in uniform.

First, they believe Russia may be impressed by the increase in our armed forces and by the congressional action authorizing it. Our Ambassador to Russia, Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, in a recent message to the State Department, pleaded for congressional action as the only thing that would impress the Russians. Such considerations certainly had priority in

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the minds of the Administration, since the foreseeable increase in US military power under "temporary" Selective Service would not go far toward balancing US ground forces with those of Russia. Official US estimates—and only the Kremlin knows whether they are anywhere near right—credit the Red Army with 175 divisions in western Russia and occupied areas.

But the Administration's hope is that an increased Army would show Russia that the US will, at some as yet undisclosed point, say, "To push your influence farther will mean war with US." The rest of Europe would be encouraged to resist communism internally and Russia externally. And finally, our own people would have impressed indelibly upon them the gravity of the world situation.

Each of these calculations carries with it at least one risk. The Russians, seeing the US step up its rearmament, might prefer a shooting war now, if one must come. The other nations of Europe, revolted at the prospect of again becoming a battlefield, might turn as bitterly anti-US as they are anti-Russian, and refuse to become shooting allies. The US people, weary of war and of peacetime conflict, might turn out of office an administration and a Congress that invest their major resources in a war-producing machine.

These are risks, but they too were calculated. The Administration and the Joint Chiefs found them worth taking. The time, they figured, was auspicious. Never since the days of Munich had the American atmosphere been more gloomily charged with forebodings of war. The Prague coup touched it off. Perhaps some of the depth of US reaction was due to the guilty knowledge of how little we had done to help democratic forces inside Czechoslovakia since the war.

Whatever its cause, foreboding was there. Russian pressure on Finland, and rumors that Norway might be next, added to the sense of doom. The time was ripe to ask war-mobilization measures—measures unthinkable, under other circumstances, in a presidential year.

Such a step would be less grave if it involved only adding a few more thousand men, however involuntarily, to the armed forces. But each addition means further production to support those men. Each increase in war production leads to another. The Air Force seems certain to get at least part of its mammoth program adopted by Congress. That will mean more men for the Air Force too. The Navy can be counted on to keep up with the bidding. A chain reaction has been set in motion. The end can only be guessed and dreaded.

Radioactive Radishes?

ATOMIC AGRICULTURE may make more sense than the Atomic Energy Commission and the US Department of Agriculture have hitherto been willing to admit. After they had generally scoffed at the idea of the stimulation of crops by radioactivity, it is now reported that the AEC and the USDA are working on a joint project to take another look.

What nudged the agencies off their cautious "wait till it's proved" position was the fact that both Russian and French agronomists and atomic scientists have recently announced spectacular results obtained by mixing small quantities of radioactive materials with fertilizer.

FOUR REPUBLICANS REPENT

Almost unnoticed in the week's news was a recommendation by a Republican-dominated committee that the excess-profits tax on corporations be reinstated. This party-line heresy appeared in a report from the subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report, headed by Senator Watkins (R, Utah).

Returning from an investigation covering the whole country, the committee, consisting of four Republicans and two Democrats, reported that: "During this period of high demand and accumulated shortages, it is inevitable that many corporations will realize extraordinary profits. Under these conditions an excess-profits tax should be restored." They recommended that the tax should be graduated to a maximum of 50 percent. Senator Taft, chairman of the full committee, promptly squelched the suggestion.

TOLD YOU SO

The commodity markets have been making big news, but no one would know it. When a few iconoclasts (including the *NR*) urged last fall that margins be raised to drive grain gamblers out of the market, most of the financial press lashed out in defense of speculation, and blamed government purchasing for the high cost of commodities. It was the good old law of supply and demand, not speculation, they argued. "The speculative interest in wheat is never more than 50 million bushels . . . *not* the bogey it is supposed to be," said the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Last week, the commodity markets had the apologists for speculation on the ropes. Even with the Marshall Plan staring the market in the face, grains were dropping steadily. The government was buying wheat, but even the New York *Sun,* last-ditch defender of speculators' rights, had to admit that the US was getting its wheat without trouble, without hiking the market. In fact, commented the *Sun,* the government was receiving offers of more than the million bushels it wanted each day.

Those in the know thought they could spot the reason for the orderly retreat of the commodity market. The rise in margins, instituted by the Commodity Exchange under protest, had driven 45 percent of the speculators out of the grain pits. And with legitimate traders dominating the market, prices were settling down to more realistic levels.

Last week arch-speculator Joseph P. Kennedy, who long ago made a multi-million-dollar fortune on margin buying and short-selling, ventured the opinion that control of speculation was saving the country from a sharp collapse. Commenting on SEC rules restricting short-selling on the Stock

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Exchange, Kennedy said: "Without this provision I could ruin the United States with an investment of $25 million."

SIGN OF SPRING

Spring is surely here. John L. Lewis is rumbling again. He's not talking money; this time it's pensions, and as usual he is a big jump ahead of most other labor leaders.

He has already got his mine workers a lot more money than the average union increase, and now he is moving on to other benefits. He is pioneering a new field of mass collective bargaining, scoring another "first," while most of labor is still fighting for a living wage.

Here's how it is done—and the Taft-Hartley Act is unlikely to stop it. Lewis' contract with the mine owners calls for a welfare fund to be paid for by a royalty of 10 cents a ton and to be administered by a board consisting of Lewis; Ezra Van Horn, a mine owner; and a neutral third person. Last fall, Lewis proposed that the fund be used to give $100 a month to all miners

The Packinghouse Workers' Case

by Ralph Helstein

President, United Packinghouse Workers of America, CIO

On March 16, the United Packinghouse Workers of America began a nationwide strike against Swift, Armour, Wilson and Cudahy. President Truman made a feeble attempt to settle the strike by simply asking the workers to continue under present substandard conditions. The companies have been spending a lot of money to state their case in newspaper advertisements. Ralph Helstein has prepared for the New Republic *a statement of the case for the packinghouse workers.*

THE BIG FOUR (Swift, Armour, Wilson and Cudahy), who dominate the meat-packing industry—and this includes setting the wage pattern—show no disposition, for reasons of their own, to bargain out an acceptable compromise on the wage issue with the United Packinghouse Workers of America, CIO.

The family incomes of the workers are indefensibly low by any legitimate test. Three out of ten packinghouse workers receive the unskilled-labor rate of $1.02 an hour *or less.*

The $1.02 rate applies in Chicago and in most other big centers, but in a Southern city like Birmingham, where the cost of living is as high as in Los Angeles, the rate is 93 cents. The rates for women—one fourth of plant personnel—average 10 to 11 cents below those paid to men. Two-thirds of the workers get less than $1.10 an hour, 13 cents less than the "average" hourly earnings (without overtime) reported by the US Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Swift's recent advertisement, appearing in papers all over the country, claims "average" earnings of $1.37 an hour among our membership. It is seriously misleading. The $1.37 figure is an "unweighted" average, biased upward by the relatively high hourly earnings received by a small percentage of workers. By including overtime earnings, the figure completely distorts existing realities. And the recent Department of Labor earnings figures were for last December, when slaughter was still heavy and work was plentiful. But beginning in January, slaughter and meat output went down sharply.

The effect of this precipitate decline on workers' earnings is obvious—and disastrous. A 10-percent reduction in meat output from an average 44-hour week in 1947 means a loss of nearly 15 percent in weekly pay, because overtime is eliminated. A high proportion of our membership is now working only 36 hours.

We first asked for a 29-cent-an-hour increase, then reduced our demand to 19 cents. The figure would fall far short of giving most packinghouse workers a decent living, not to speak of attaining the Department of Labor's "City Worker's Family Budget" requiring $1.65 an hour for a family of four, and $1.39 for a family of three. Our 29-cent demand was based on $1.39. It would permit an income sufficient to "cover" the upper third of our membership, those earning above $1.10 an hour. We would hope later to bring the other two-thirds up to the BLS budget level.

Could the packers afford such an increase? In 1939 the Big Four's combined average rate of return was 5.9 percent—and 1939 was a "good year." In 1947, return on net worth had become 24.5 percent. Even after taxes, the combined rate of return for the Big Four was 14.8 percent. The profit figures mean that all the companies could afford to pay in full our original demand of 29 cents an hour, *and not raise prices at all.* Evidence on increasing man-hour output, operating as it does to reduce unit-labor costs, reinforces this conclusion.

A strike might seem to provide the justification the packing industry needs to make another profit killing. Present meat inventories of over a billion pounds, owned mainly by the big packers, are the largest in years, according to the Department of Agriculture.

In any event, rationing and price control on meat as well as on other necessities ought to be restored. If Congress and the Administration were to move vigorously in this direction the Big Four might think twice about the desirability of forcing their workers to strike.

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over 60 with 20 years' service. Van Horn said no, and the neutral member, Thomas Murray of New York, resigned in the face of the decision which was thus put up to him.

The squabble dragged on until finally Lewis told his miners that the operators had "dishonored" the contract. That was all it took. The contract says they must work when "willing and able." There was no strike call, but nearly 400,000 miners found themselves unwilling to work under a "dishonored" contract. Truman can now talk about an injunction. But against whom?

Van Horn has already admitted that he will go along with some pension plan. He now contends merely that Lewis' plan is too expensive for the present fund and that Lewis wants to bring in some miners who should not be admitted. Thus John L. has already established his point in principle.

HALF A PAJAMA

Most quoted quipster of last week was Max J. Lovell, pajama statistician and director of the National Association of Pajama Manufacturers. Addressing a retail clothiers' meeting in Chicago, Lovell pointed out that sales of pajamas averaged only half a pajama per man per year. *Newsweek* coyly captioned the story: "Vital Statistics," and quoted Lovell as commenting: "Incredibly inadequate." The New York *World-Telegram* called him to find out which half of the pajamas people bought. *Time* caught up with the Lovell story a full three weeks after his speech, captioned it "Half a Loaf," commented also on the fact that Lovell considered the situation "inadequate."

With all this publicity, Lovell's New York headquarters was deluged with mail and phone calls. But Lovell is far from happy at the teapot tempest that relegated to obscurity the rest of his speech, in which he lambasted the pajama industry, along with other manufacturers, for overpricing their products. "I think that the profit spree is about over, and if it isn't, it ought to be," Lovell chided the trade. The average price of pajamas, Lovell pointed out, is now $4.95 a pair, which means that the consumer is paying for his half a pajama just what he paid for two halves before the war. "Lower prices," was Lovell's advice to his own industry. But nobody seemed to believe that his advice would be taken.

THIS SORT OF TALK

Truman's civil-rights program, warned Senator Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.) in a radio speech, would "impose a system of force upon the people of the South similar to that undertaken after the Civil War with such disastrous results in racial hatred and bloodshed."

On the same day, in Mobile, Alabama, a Negro invited a white acquaintance, Horace M. Miller, to his house for a drink. Miller refused, and this led to an argument about President Truman's proposals on civil rights.

"This sort of talk kept making me madder," Miller said later. "I struck him once with my bare left hand and he fell to the sidewalk." He then kicked 53-year-old Rayfield Davis and left him lying on the ground. The coroner returned a verdict of murder.

Dollar Politicians

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

AT A HEARING to consider ways of further guaranteeing the sanctity of elections, the Maryland Legislative Council heard this proposal from Hyman A. Pressman, Baltimore attorney:

That it be made unlawful for any person or corporation to give anything of value to or receive anything of value from a political candidate, political agent, political treasurer, watcher, runner, challenger, messenger or any other political worker in connection with a political campaign, without purchasing a "Politician's License." Cost: $1.

BOOST FOR ERP

The House Foreign Affairs Committee's version of the ERP bill, which last weekend was about ready to be sent to the floor, will be remarkably similar to the Vandenberg bill passed by the Senate. The Republicans in the committee, reluctantly recognizing that the full $5.3 billion recommended by Vandenberg was necessary, used a cheap political trick for protection. The House would appropriate $4.3 billion but would authorize an extra $1 billion in loan authority to the Export-Import Bank.

This way, they would not have to ask so much from the House Appropriations Committee chairman, penny-pinching John Taber (R, N. Y.). This provision would also make it easier for isolationist Republicans to accept the measure, and the door would not be quite so firmly closed on a tax cut.

This House change in the Vandenberg bill would mean borrowing the $1 billion which would go to the Export-Import Bank, increasing the national debt, instead of taking that amount out of taxes. The plan is inflationary, but more politically palatable.

Under the present schedule, the House will have passed a foreign-aid program, including ERP, by April 4. The main concern of the House Republican leadership now is to make the bill acceptable to as many of their isolationist colleagues as possible. The last thing they want is a final vote division that will show up the difference between the two parties.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN THE UN

By a vote of nine to two, the Security Council of the United Nations has decided to consider whether the Czechoslovak situation is a threat to peace in terms of the UN Charter's definition. But there is little doubt that the question will be answered in practical terms well before the Council

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can get to an answer—if it can do so at all. Insiders at Lake Success believe the discussion may never reach the point of definite action, at which time the Soviets' Andrei Gromyko would presumably use his veto.

The Council must first decide whether it has authority to act under the Charter. Dr. Jan Papanek, chief Czech delegate at the UN until he was fired by the new regime, undoubtedly would testify that the Soviets were responsible for the coup. But the Council has the ticklish task of deciding whether to listen to him or to his successor, Dr. Vladimir Houdek, who, naturally, would say the overthrow was accomplished by the Czechs entirely without foreign help. In that case the UN Charter wouldn't apply. The fact that Papanek requested Chile's Hernan San Cruz to sponsor the complaint against the new Czech regime doesn't simplify the Council's task.

Some UN officials, who feel the question won't get beyond the debate stage, point out that Gromyko might use his veto even after evidence of USSR interference in Prague was produced. He might insist that the UN also act against the US for meddling in the internal affairs of other countries. And for fear of being accused of a double moral standard—one for the US, another for the USSR—the UN would turn to the traditional device of so-called practical politics and do nothing at all.

OBSTRUCTIONISTS

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

On February 17, 1947, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People set up a picket line outside Ford's Theater, Baltimore's only legitimate playhouse, in protest against restriction of Negroes to balcony seats. Recently Baltimore papers took their first notice of the demonstration.

The occasion: arrest of two pickets, both of them Nego college students, for "obstructing free passage."

Both were acquitted.

Stassen Breaks With Ball

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

THE COOLNESS that has been growing for some months between Harold Stassen and Joe Ball, two of Minnesota's most talkative gifts to the nation, appears to have developed into an outright split.

In spite of pressure from the Ball camp, Stassen has made no move to endorse Ball, originally appointed by him, for reëlection to the US Senate. Ball, in his turn, has quit vowing on every occasion, as he used to do, that he will support Stassen for President.

Stassen is probably convinced that to go very far in his campaign for the presidency he must appeal to the "liberal" and "independent" voters who do not like Ball's anti-labor, isolationist record. Ball and his wife, who serves as his secretary, are letting it be known that Joe is tired of being the tail to Stassen's kite, that he is determined to take off on his own.

Until a year ago, many politicians thought that Stassen and Ball purposely disagreed on many major issues, that they were intentionally working both sides of the Republican Party street, to keep in with elements on either extreme. But in recent months each apparently has been swept on much farther by his own point of view. In his book, Stassen makes a great point of the sharp difference between himself and Ball during the hearings on the Taft-Hartley bill. In his current Senate speeches, Ball makes it clear that he stands with the bitterest Senate isolationists, and in opposition to Stassen, against ERP and a strong UN.

Today, Ball and Stassen are as cool to each other offstage as on. They never confer any more, either in St. Paul or in Washington. And perhaps most significant of all, the 100-percent-for-Stassen Cowles press in Minneapolis recently published its first major editorial blast against the junior Senator.

State Republican leaders think there is a local as well as a national cause for Stassen's deepening hostility. They believe that if Stassen fails to win the GOP nomination for President or Vice President, he will file for the Senate seat Ball now holds, since Stassen will almost certainly have to take a steady job.

The filing dates for the Senate in Minnesota this year are from June 16 until August 5. That would allow Stassen ample time to file after the national conventions, if he wished to do so then. Ball's supporters, therefore, have been desperately trying to get Stassen to give his okay to their candidate—*now*. Meanwhile, State Auditor Stafford King has let it be known that he plans to run against Joe Ball for the nomination. King could easily step aside later for Stassen, if that is what Stassen wants.

In both the Republican precinct caucuses and county conventions already held, the major attention was directed to Stassen's presidential aspirations and almost no mention was made of Ball. It is traditional in Minnesota that the Republicans keep their mouths shut when they have no candidate around whom to rally.

Despite a denial from Ball, there is a persistent rumor that he has been offered a high-paying public-relations job with the National Association of Manufacturers. There is a strong feeling that if Ball thinks he cannot be renominated by his own party or cannot win (his most probable opponent is Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis, although the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party has not yet acted), he will resign after the GOP convention, take the job with the NAM and permit Governor Luther Youngdahl to appoint Stassen to the Senate in his place.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Whipped-up Hysteria

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1948, will long be remembered as a high-water mark for bipartisan war hysteria.

Speaker Martin, who would be President if anything happened to Truman, prepared the way by saying, "We must have the strongest navy on the seas. We must make ourselves absolutely supreme in the air and under the seas."

The House of Representatives had given prolonged applause to an irresponsible warmonger who had expressed the hope to his fellow congressmen that the President should tell Russia that "one more act of aggression means war."

As though a great advertising agency had staged it all, the massed weight of press and radio was being hurled against the peace-loving American people. Every effort was used to make it appear that we are in imminent danger of being attacked by a godless, implacable, powerful enemy. The irresponsible, warmongering groups in Washington were waiting expectantly and hopefully for the incident which would start World War III on its way. The greater part of the big brass and big gold of Washington was not so foolish or so criminal as to hope for immediate war. But they welcomed and directed the hysteria for their own ends.

The President's March 17 message to Congress was probably the most frightening ever delivered by any President. It was frightening, not because it revealed any intent on the part of Russia to attack us, or any other nation, but because it sounded a call for remobilization of armed forces everywhere. The Truman Doctrine had failed. The President, instead of learning from the failure, proposed to expand it.

The purpose of the war hysteria now becomes clear. The cost of war hysteria will be:

First: $6.1 billion this year for an expanding Truman Doctrine.

Second: Prompt passage of Universal Military Training, with an annual cost of $3 billion.

Third: The reënactment of Selective Service.

Some people laugh off these requests of the President as the desperate effort of a man who knows he can't be reëlected except by the creation of an extreme war emergency.

Personally, while I am willing to admit that there may be a political angle to the war hysteria, I am inclined to take the big brass and big gold of Washington seriously. In a narrow, stubborn way they are intelligent and they know exactly where they want to go.

They are out to set up an American version of the police state in this country as a necessary part of gaining control of the entire world. As a result of maintaining war hysteria at a high pitch, they are hoping to gain many things that were not listed in the President's speech. [Undoubtedly they want several billion dollars more appropriated for the aircraft industry.]

Soon they will be moving for the reestablishment of presidential war powers and the declaration of a state of national emergency.

Simultaneously they will seek to end all drives of labor for higher pay, while at the same time the profits of big corporations will be mounting because of huge military appropriations.

They are using the national emergency as a cloak under which they can restrict civil liberties of all those who do not believe in the present drift toward war. They can use the emergency which they are attempting to create as an excuse for repudiating enforcement of the partition of Palestine.

The New Party is the chief organization today which is preaching peace. There will be attempts to make such cries of peace seem treasonable. Direct and indirect methods of intimidation will multiply. Under the guise of a crisis, the powers that be will use every espionage trick against American citizens who talk peace. In the name of a peaceful America resisting Russian aggression, a thinly disguised police state will be established in the United States. Against all this the New Party will fight.

In Congress, the first battlefield will be Universal Military Training. The second will be Selective Service. The third, in my opinion, will be the reestablishment of presidential war powers and a declaration of a state of national emergency.

As Congress, under the whiplash of bipartisan-engendered fear, appropriates tens of billions of dollars, prices will rise. Scarcity will return as men by the million are forced into the Army and uncertainty grips all businessmen except those who cater to the armed forces. No country ever paid so much to win an election as the bipartisan bloc is paying to win the Italian election. The end result can only be the creation of greater hardships and greater fears, as we drift toward the war which the people of no country want.

As I watch this terrible drift toward war, I am reminded of the proclamation of Isaiah as he saw the land of Judah trusting in force:

> Woe to those who trust in chariots,
> Because they are many,
> And in horsemen, because they are mighty;
> But they look not to the Holy One of Israel,
> Nor seek the Lord!

Henry A Wallace

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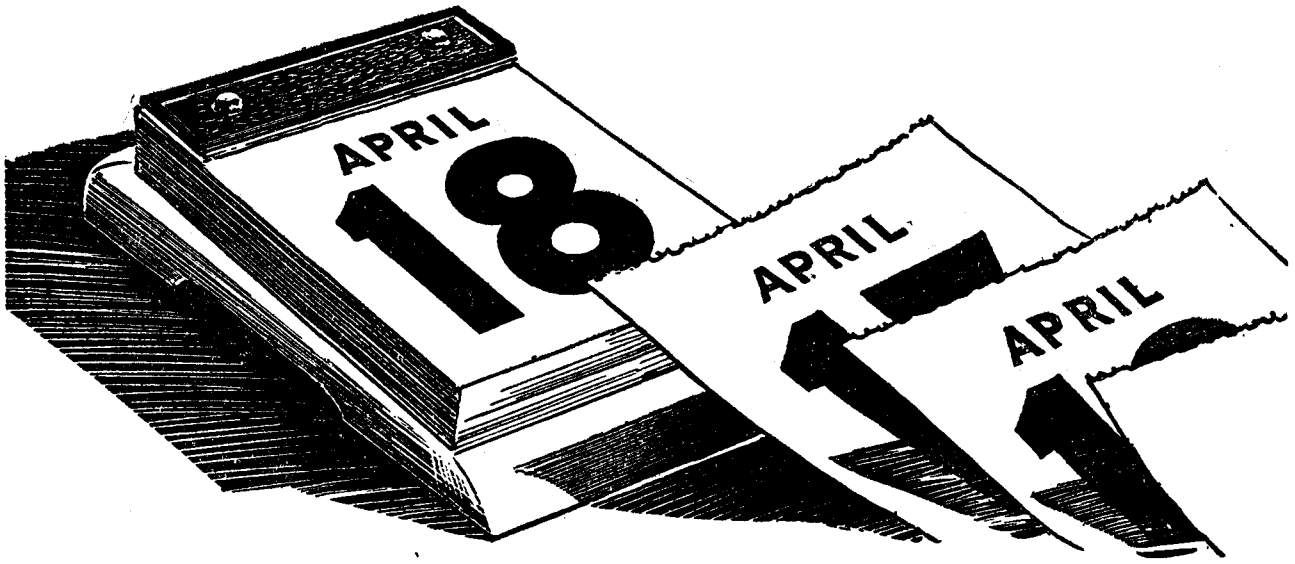

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR ITALY

THE COLD WAR is ending. The limited war is beginning. The fuse is set in Italy and timed for this spring.

In the policies of America and the USSR there is a shift from economic reconstruction and political infiltration to direct military intervention. The motto of both sides, and all our epitaphs if war comes, is: *They won't fight.*

They won't fight—for two years Soviet leaders have assumed that in the short run America cannot attack the USSR and that in the long run we must attack. Consequently, Soviet policy is to resist all pressures brought against it now and to work steadily toward conditions under which, for lack of resources and possible battlefields, attack later on is impossible. That means friendly governments from the British Channel to the China Sea. And given its assumption, the USSR can press for these governments and resist. America without fear of war: the US will give in.

They won't fight—for two years American leaders have assumed that the USSR is too weak to fight and so must retreat if sufficient pressure is applied. Economic pressure alone proved insufficient. The cold war turned against us. So military pressure backed by military power is to be applied. And, our government reasons, because they won't fight, the Russians will give in.

Action for Peace

by Michael Straight

We thought they wouldn't fight. If each side misjudges the other, war will come.

The soldiers are taking over America's world policy. For them, UMT and the draft are only first steps in war preparation. The creation at once of a long-range bombing force and the obtaining of air bases overseas come next. Action to hold Western Europe follows. It means the use of western Germany as a shield, guarded by greatly expanded American occupation forces. It means a military federation, staffed by French infantry divisions, equipped with American weapons and supported by the Royal Air Force. It means increasing pressure from East and West on the uncertain areas: Scandinavia, Austria, Italy, Greece. It means the direct participation, if necessary, of American troops in countries where civil wars are raging.

If the Soviet government believes that these moves and threats are bluffs made to win votes and scare Russians, it is terribly misled. The men who are taking over our world policy are only too ready to fight. They assert that if the Left wins in Italy, America will and should fight within a year.

The struggle for Italy is the real issue now. It is toward Italy that all our present actions are directed. Today our government believes that:

The Left bloc will poll a large proportion of the votes.

It will be denied any participation in the government.

There will be violence.

The violence may spread to civil

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war, and through civil war to world war.

All of America's present show of strength has one central purpose, to tell Togliatti and Moscow: *Give up in Italy.* Since one-half of Italy's imports come from America, our strength is great. But if our government is wrong about the USSR, the risk is greater.

If the limited war takes hold, 1948 may see American troops fighting in Greece, China, Italy and the Middle East. In months of rising tension the war will slowly spread. On some fronts it will represent resistance to Soviet pressure; on others the resistance of blind reaction, backed by America, to all social change. America is wider than her present leadership, and deeper than the Truman Doctrine. Her principles command all of us. Yet, if war comes in this way:

It will not follow an exhaustive search for peace.

It will not result from any clear moral stand.

It will not reflect our one justification for fighting—defense of the Charter of the United Nations.

The President declares that we are acting to stand by democracy. Then stand by democracy in Italy! If Italians vote for coalition, we can only recognize their choice and aid Italy as long as the coalition rules democratically.

The President declares that we are acting to defend the UN.

Then act! Invoke the Charter in the case of Italy. Save the UN by implementing its decision in Palestine!

The President declares that the dream of the UN "has not yet become a full reality."

Then act! Call on all nations to meet to strengthen the UN!

The President declares that "the door has never been closed, nor will it ever be closed, to the Soviet Union."

Then act! Call on Stalin to meet and discuss the terms of settlement.

Without some positive actions on behalf of peace, there is no defense for UMT, the draft, for all the measures of rearmament that drive the world closer to war.

ITALY'S DARK APRIL

With the Communists stepping up their bid for power, Italian voters face a grim decision—on their ballots may depend world peace

by Claire Neikind

ON A SUN-WASHED WALL in Amalfi, behind a veil of bougainvillea, there is a slogan scrawled by some prudent fisherman's hand. *"Viva questi,"* it says, *"viva quelli, viva chi vince, viva noi!"*—"Long live these, long live those, long live whoever wins, long live us!"

Mixed with its wry Neapolitan humor, the phrase has sly Neapolitan wisdom. "Since God usually watches us strictly," one can almost hear the fisherman explain, "it is only reasonable to assume that His party will win the elections. Still, He may turn His back for a moment and let the Communists win. God has played tricks on us before. A man cannot be too careful."

With instinct born of his ancient peasant ancestry, the fisherman has guessed what his more sophisticated fellow citizens in Rome are only now beginning to suspect—that there can be no certainty about the outcome of the April 18 elections here, and that, indeed, a Communist-led victory, far from being the absurdity most people had assumed, is a real possibility.

There is no exaggerating the enormous implications of such a victory —its effect on the Continental map, on the Marshall Plan and the newborn Western Union, on the precarious politics of France and on the whole American strategy in Europe. For it would mean that the Soviet-influence zone would be extended in one leap from Trieste to Ventimiglia, jostling France, nudging Austria, encircling Greece and pressing the Italian boot on the northern Mediterranean.

It is difficult, living in serene, tranquil Rome, in springtime, to believe that this capital may, within the short space of three weeks, be a center of violence leading to war. Difficult, too, to believe that Italy, a country "in which nothing ever happens except miracles," could be close to a final decision, and revolutionary change.

Yet, justifiably or not, the suspicion that it might is growing hourly. It has brought cheer to the Communist headquarters, where party workers, assuming that rumors of success will boost their chances of success, already are speculating whether Left-Socialist Pietro Nenni or Communist Palmiro Togliatti will be Italy's next Prime Minister.

It has caused deep concern among those who are opposing the Communists. A few optimists have held out stoutly against this mood of depression. Ivan Matteo Lombardo, now riding a swiftly rising independent Socialist star, insists that the Communist-led "Democratic Front" cannot poll more than 35 to 38 percent of the votes.

In the elections of June 3 two years ago, Lombardo points out, it was true that the Socialists and Communists together slightly outnumbered the Christian Democrats, controlling about 40 percent of the votes in the Constituent Assembly. But since then, he adds, three things have happened. Splinter groups have broken away from the Socialist Party led by Nenni. The Cominform was established and Nenni's party fused with the Communists in a joint electoral bloc. In Czechoslovakia parliamentary democracy was destroyed.

"When Jan Masaryk fell into a Prague courtyard," Lombardo declares, "his body plunged into the Piazza del Duomo in Milan, the Piazza Castello in Turin, the Piazza del Popolo in Rome. There are many Socialist workers who can no longer turn their heads."

But for the most part, the leaders of the major anti-Communist parties

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—Christian Democrats, moderate Socialists, historic Republicans, conservative Liberals—do not agree with Lombardo. The Czechoslovak crisis, they reason, may throw a shadow over the Italian elections and it may bring out an otherwise lethargic anti-Communist vote; but it will not be enough to halt an advancing, politically mechanized Communist army.

These men do not expect a clear majority for the Communist "Democratic Front": even the leaders of the Front, such as Lelio Basso, admit this is improbable. But they do expect the Front to win a plurality (42 to 45 percent) and so to become the strongest single group in Parliament.

No one in Rome dares calculate the infinite possibilities that might arise out of such a situation. But one thing at least is clear. With 45 percent of the total vote, the Left will have its foot in the government's door. It may not be able to control the government. But it will be difficult, if not impossible, to govern without it.

By abandoning parliamentary tradition, Italy's President Enrico de Nicola can simply ignore the Front and summon the anti-Communist parties to form some kind of Communist-free cabinet that might command a parliamentary majority, no matter how slim. But if de Nicola follows parliamentary custom, he will have to call first on the Front, as the largest single party, to form a government.

If de Nicola follows the Constitution, what kind of government will the Left try to form? Communist headquarters and the Socialist leaders such as Basso and Nenni give the same prompt answer: a coalition with every other democratic party willing to enter. They add that a specially engraved invitation will be sent to the Christian Democrats.

There is no doubt that this would be Togliatti's first step. For unless the Front wins an absolute majority, he will require a voting coalition in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, with at least one of the groups outside its ranks. It would be drawn from the moderate Left, composed of the right-wing Socialists, and the Republicans, who will probably control about 10 percent of the Assembly; or the Christian Democrats, with close to 40 percent; or the rightist National Bloc with its neo-Fascist Uomo Qualunque movement and the semi-monarchist Liberal Party.

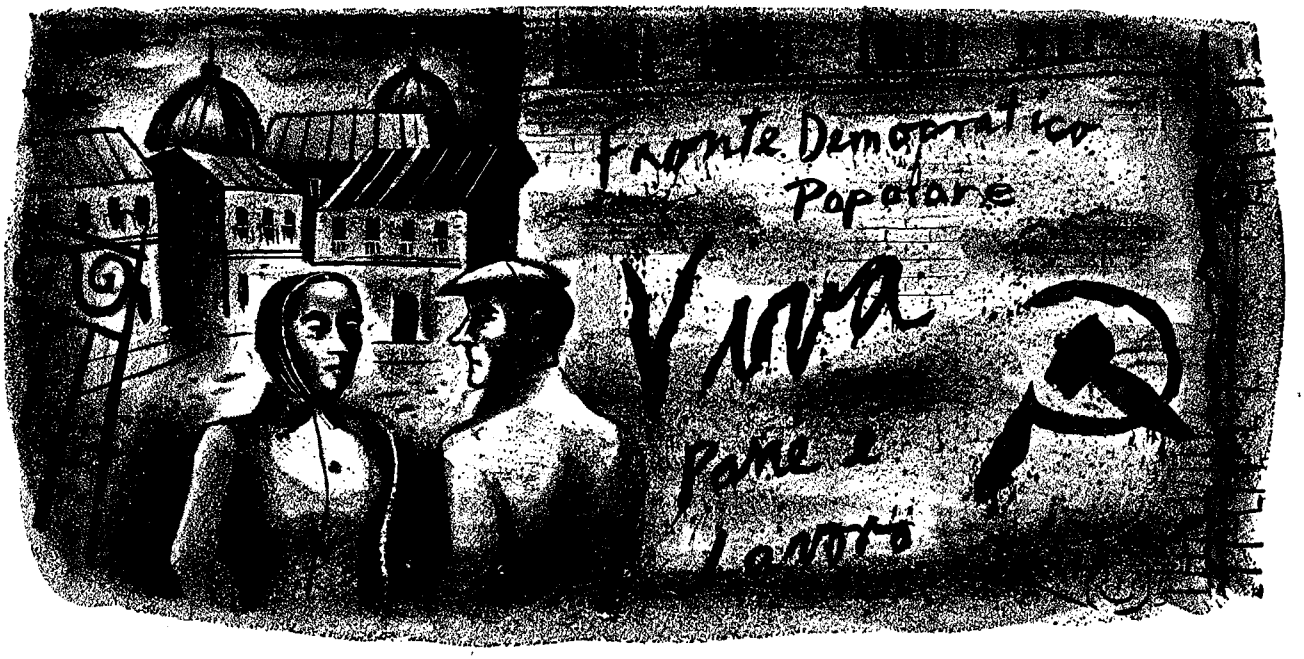
Aside from the technical question of voting strength, Togliatti, if he is given the task of forming a government, will have three other compelling reasons for seeking a Christian Democratic alliance.

First, Italy has at least three million more people than she can maintain at all, and probably twelve million more than she can maintain properly. No political regime can quickly overcome the poverty that overpopulation causes, and no political party wishes to accept full responsibility for government until economic conditions improve.

Second, the war has deepened Italy's perpetual economic crisis, caused by meager supplies of coal, oil and raw materials, adding a dangerous wheat shortage and forcing Italy into complete reliance on American aid. Italians, whatever they publicly maintain, know that a wholly left-wing government is not likely to get ERP aid. A coalition government might.

Third, following 20 years of megalomaniac Fascist centralization, ending in war, defeat, collapse of the state, and military occupation, the state machinery is working badly. The best of governments cannot be really efficient today.

For all these reasons, any political program, no matter how well meaning, is difficult to formulate and even harder to enact. A party like de Gasperi's Christian Democrats, with a strong base in organized religion, may



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get by with promising "We will do what we can." The entire strength of the Left, however, is its assertion: "We will do what we want." Discontent, inevitable for any regime, is likely therefore to be stronger under the Left than under the Catholic party.

Togliatti hopes to solve this by statesmanship—by refusing to rule alone and insisting, even at a heavy price, on a coalition with de Gasperi. This would permit him to take credit for improvements and shift blame to his co-partners for failures. The role comes easily to a man like Togliatti, who psychologically is a bureaucrat, rather than a leader of insurrection, and politically is an operator within a coalition, rather than a revolutionary ruler.

If Togliatti as a would-be premier offers a coalition, it is unlikely that an adroit statesman like de Gasperi, who spent his youth in a Hapsburg parliament and his mature age in a Vatican library, will be too blunt in his refusal. He is more likely to reply with such leading questions as these: "What is your program? What will your attitude be on the Marshall Plan, the customs union with France, the Brussels Western Europe agreements?"

Togliatti might offer some concessions on these issues. The Communists here have, in the past few weeks, shown signs of soft-pedaling their formerly rigid opposition to the Marshall Plan, and of indicating their desire for friendly relations with the West as well as with the East.

Nevertheless, to de Gasperi and most other anti-Communists here, Togliatti's overtures look like a maneuver to install the Left in power, which would in practice prove "falser than vows made in wine." Operating on this assumption, de Gasperi is quietly doing what he can to disrupt the alliance between the Socialists and Communists.

De Gasperi has not forgotten that at the recent Socialist Congress, one-third of the delegates, well disciplined as they were, voted against joint electoral lists with the Communists. With the pressing need for electoral solidarity behind them, and the warning of Czechoslovakia before them, these Socialists might be persuaded to go a little further, to side with de Gasperi on a question like the Marshall Plan (opposition to which has caused no little embarrassment among them) and to bolt the Communists before it is too late.

DRAWINGS BY NEUWIRTH

It would not do to overrate this possibility, and certainly de Gasperi does not. There is even a bare chance that he will enter a Front coalition.

Failing that, Togliatti as premier-designate will have two alternatives. He can step down and out of the government and let de Gasperi take over. Or he can attempt to govern alone. In the latter case he would ultimately be forced to "quell discontent" in Czechoslovak style.

The Socialists do not deny that this will happen; they assert only that it *need* not happen. One of their highest officials said to me: "Of course there is a danger that the Communists might set up a dictatorship once they got into the government. This would depend less on them than it would on the Socialists, the middle classes and the United States.

"We Socialists have greater freedom of movement than the Communists," he went on, "because they are tied to the Cominform and we are not. This is our first advantage.

"Second, if the middle classes will only not vote anti-Front, but will instead designate their choice of Socialist candidates *within* the Front (for which the party incidentally is campaigning), they will be proved numerically stronger than the Communists, and can check their stride.

"Third," he continued, "we have every intention of keeping the road open to friendship with both Russia and the West. We are not a border country like Czechoslovakia, and therefore there would be no need for Russia to press us. But of course, if the United States cuts off all aid and commerce with us—which by the way we don't believe it will—it will only push us into the Russian sphere. That, however, would be the fault not of the Italian Socialists but of the United States."

If the Socialists still cling forlornly to these illusions, so redolent of the tragic odor of the late Czech Social-Democratic line, there are few others who do. Without exception, Italian political leaders outside the Front believe that the Socialist Party cannot long maintain its independence once the Communists hold the government reins. They believe that the United States will cut off all aid to a Front-governed Italy. They believe that Italy under the Front, and given the tidal fluidity of the Soviet border today,

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will soon melt into the Soviet sphere.

They are reluctant to test the Socialist thesis. They have no intention of sitting on the sidelines, watching the absorbing spectacle of the mouse trying to devour the lion. Instead, they are urgently searching for the best possible way to keep the lion caged—to keep the Front out of the government altogether.

If the Front wins an absolute majority of all the votes, or even of seats, it cannot be kept out on any constitutional pretext. But if it wins only a plurality, as the largest single bloc, the anti-Communist forces can be favored by the caprices of parliamentary custom.

Tradition forbids the President to call on minority parties first to form a government. But the *law* does not specifically forbid it. Prepared, as always, to invoke Machiavelli where Savonarola might fail, these parties therefore have already prepared at least three loopholes by which de Nicola can avoid calling on the Communists.

One loophole is suggested by a prominent Christian Democrat who points out that the "Democratic Front" actually is not a party at all, but merely an amorphous "regroupment" of parties. Each party that helps to compose it may poll fewer votes than the Christian Democrats. In that case, he claims, de Nicola could be free to ignore the formal unity of the Front and to summon de Gasperi to form the cabinet.

A second way out may be to call on the Front to form a government, once it is certain that it lacks the strength to form any government capable of winning the required vote of confidence in both houses. This is considered dangerous, however, since with Togliatti's acknowledged mastery of the art of the political swap, there is always the possibility that he can form an unholy alliance with the extreme Right, corraling just enough votes to keep the Front legally in power.

The third and most favored method may be to follow a new tradition that may already have supplanted the old, for de Nicola last June called upon de Gasperi to form a cabinet without

the Left, even though the Communists and Socialists, already joined in a parliamentary action pact, had more votes in the Constituent Assembly than the Christian Democrats. "If we have made one tradition," a Catholic leader comments, "we can always make another."

If the election goes well for the Christian Democrats, and if they and the moderate Left parties together can control a healthy majority in both houses, then there is no question that de Gasperi will form a Center government. His is not a constitutionally rightist party, and no one knows better than he that it will be doomed, as a similar government was in 1924, by dependence on the extreme Right.

But if the left-wing margin is as great as most people expect, he will have no choice. To keep the Front out, he will have to call the extreme Right in. In such a case he will face the task of ruling a cabinet which would at the same time include the Republican Pacciardi, the Socialists Saragat and Lombardo, and the aggressive Fascist sympathizer Guglielmo Giannini, leader of the Qualunquist movement.

Thus, by a curious law of political alchemy, the Communists will have been proved partially right. The government which they falsely accuse of being Fascist will be pushed—partly by Communist policy—closer to fascism.

But this is not the only danger. The far more explosive question is what the Communists and Left Socialists will do if, with close to half the country's votes, they are excluded from the government.

Political leaders inside the Front are understandably reluctant to discuss this alternative. Most of them refuse even to recognize the possibility. Somewhat irritably, Pietro Nenni argues: "There can *be* no government without the Front. No one, after April 18, can govern Italy either without the Left or against the Left. If they want to try—*va bene* [all right]—let them try. But they will be making a grave error, they will force the country into a perpetual state of agitation, they will make useless any money America might send, for it will be dissolved in the nation's political confusion."

Political confusion, of course, may

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mean anything from face-slapping on the floor of the Assembly at Montecitorio to guerrilla warfare in the industrial north. Many Italians insist it will be the latter.

Certainly the Left can maintain a hit-and-run battle for a long time in the area of northern Italy from the Po Valley to the Alps. It is this area that contains the stronghold of the Communist Party's 2.25 million tightly organized members. It is here that the leftist forces of ex-partisans have been equipped and retrained—according to a recent estimate by former Partisan Chief Ferruccio Parri, at least half of the 300,000 men in the old northern partisan brigades have been remobilized and rearmed by the Left. It is here, too, on the mountainous borders of Venezia Giulia, that an underground arms railway from Yugoslavia can be run.

Nenni denies with acid vigor that any such thing might happen. "Civil war?" he snorts. "Nonsense, there will be no civil war . . . or at least none of our making. There may be world war. And if there is an Italian government that pursues the present government's mad anti-Soviet course, it would help to create such a war . . . whose first battles might well be fought on Italian soil. But the Front wants no war. If we are kept out of the government we will simply continue to fight politically until we get in . . . which eventually we must."

Yet for anyone who has followed the sinuous road of Italian politics over the past two years, it is obvious that civil war is not an issue which Nenni can decide. Nor does the decision rest with Togliatti.

Almost surely the Italian Communist leader does not want civil war. The USSR, filled with overconfidence, might. In that case, Togliatti would have little choice. For, hovering behind him relentlessly, is a trained shadow leadership—Longo, Secchia, Pajetta—much closer to Moscow than the "Italian" Togliatti or Terracini, able to take over at any time should Togliatti balk. It is inconceivable therefore that he should risk repudiation.

More likely, war may come when millions of his followers, denied the rewards of a hard-earned election victory, ignore the wishes of Moscow and Togliatti, and take matters into their own hands.

Another question that cannot be answered from Rome is: What will America do about all this?

America asked for democracy in Italy. Are we willing to accept its child? For there is little doubt that the elections will be fair and free. A clear majority for the Front may deny our fleet Italian harbors, it may tear up the blueprints in the War Department's files, it may wreck the objectives of the Marshall Plan, may extend inordinately the Soviet sphere of influence—but it will be a legitimate victory won by democratic means. Will we let it stand?

Even a relative majority for the Left will pose a fundamental problem in democracy. Are we prepared to keep the Communists out of the government at any price, if they control the largest single party in Parliament? If so, are we ready to take the responsibility for another Greece, many times enlarged?

No American Embassy official in Rome is either able or willing to answer that question. The reply must come from Washington.

A sizable part of the answer was last week's "informal" announcement by State Department aide Michael McDermott that Italy would get no financial assistance from the US in the event she elected a Communist government. Nenni warns, perhaps with reason, that this threatening may have "just the contrary effect of its original intention." At any rate, the McDermott statement, played down in the US papers, hit page one all over Italy. The story is a red-hot election issue.

The wisdom of McDermott's remarks is debatable. If we cut off ERP funds to a Front-dominated government, Italy will move quickly into the Russian orbit. Behind that locked door, she will be in the most desperate economic plight of any country in Europe. We may hope that suffering will compel the people to overthrow the Communists. In the light of history, we would be highly optimistic.

If Italy is forced to a Left dictatorship, the line between East and West will become even more rigid, with the important additional fact that Italy will lie to the east of it and France will be the only major continental country remaining on the west. If we then persist in hoping that the Marshall Plan can still solve the problem of communism in Europe, we shall be in the ridiculous position of a schoolteacher lecturing sternly to an empty classroom.

It is possible that, despite indications to the contrary, the US will accept a coalition government led by the Front and continue Marshall Plan aid to Italy in hopes of encouraging the anti-Communist forces. There would be great difficulty in such a policy. The difficulties of any coalition government, with its opposing extremes, will be great for years. The fate of Prague offers a clue to its probable end.

Internal tensions within Italy largely reflect world tensions. Handled with great care, such a government might also help to create a new era in international politics, based on the recognition that we can no longer either wish or bribe European communism out of existence and must live with it until we destroy it at its roots—poverty. It is a perilous course. But the alternative very clearly leads to war.

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TOGLIATTI: LENIN'S HEIR IN ITALY

by Robert Shearer

ROME (by airmail)

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE faced by the American government in the application of its present policies in Italy is to be found in Palmiro Togliatti, head of the Italian Communist Party. He is the natural heir of Lenin, not only in his faith, but in his dialectics and his eloquence. His influence extends far beyond the frontiers of Italy. When Communist leaders of every nation of East and West Europe came to hear him speak at the Sixth Congress of the Italian Communist Party in Milan early this year, they gave this observer the impression of being as children in the presence of the master.

Communist leaders in Europe are hard men. One of the most able and powerful of them is Togliatti, around whose orbit the others spin as if moved by some natural political law. In the four years since Togliatti appeared on the political scene as Minister without Portfolio in the government of Marshal Badoglio, he has organized Italian Communists into an organization 2.25 million strong.

With his political allies, the Nenni Socialists, he hopes to poll 10 million votes at the general election on April 18 and win about 40 percent of the seats in the new Assembly. Such a possibility in Roman Catholic Italy is amazing and makes Togliatti's influence a crucial international issue on its religious aspect alone.

Palmiro Togliatti was born in Genoa in 1893. He studied for the law, and in 1919 founded a Socialist Party publication called the *New Order*. Mussolini's celebrated March on Rome in 1922 found Togliatti there as editor of a daily paper called the *Communist*. What happened in the course of those two years to shift Togliatti from socialism into the more aggressive fold of communism has never been quite clear. However, it is a fair deduction that he did not feel there was much chance of getting the social, industrial and religious reforms in Italy which were his very life's blood, without having to resort to violence somewhere along the line.

Togliatti was the object of several vicious attacks by Mussolini's strong-arm squads. His life in constant danger, he was driven underground and finally had to leave the country in 1926. He escaped to Switzerland under the name of Ercoli. He continued to direct the activities of Communists who remained behind in various parts of Italy, and soon found himself giving advice both to Italians at home and those living abroad as political exiles.

From Switzerland he plunged into the maelstrom of the Spanish civil war in 1936. He was arrested outside Madrid during the Spanish war and thrown into jail. Had he been recognized as Ercoli, he probably would have been shot. As it was, his identity remained a secret long enough for him to escape in a patched-up airplane to Algiers and safety.

While the Germans were in occupation of northern Italy in 1943, Togliatti's voice could be heard nightly from Moscow calling for resistance to the invader. Nowadays, his command of the Russian language enables him to confer with the men of the Kremlin on a personal basis.

Palmiro Togliatti has a courageous record of struggle for his ideas, with the background of a lawyer to interpret them. He has a pleasant though undistinguished voice, a mind for detail, the ability to speak without notes —and a complete insincerity in his political pacts with friends and enemies.

Many of his non-Communist admirers ask themselves what good ends can emerge from all the twistings and shufflings, broken promises and deceit which Togliatti has used against political friends in order to gain temporary advantages for his party. The possibility that Togliatti will achieve power by force and rule through blood in Italy is one from which he will not shrink, should the issue be forced upon him in that way.

Physically, Togliatti is a small man, but he burns with a faith which has nourished many. I have heard him many times challenging St. Peter on St. Peter's doorstep, exclaiming, "We too have a great faith and, come what may, we shall never abandon it." The basis of this new religion has little in common with the pledged word as that bond is understood in the Western world. Much of the dilemma of idealists wrestling with men like Togliatti stems from this simple fact.

One election campaign argument which the Communists are using to good effect on the Italian peasants is that the party has preserved the religious peace of the country.

The Prime Minister, Alcide de Gasperi, was in a dilemma last year during the battle of Article Seven concerning the Lateran Pacts. (These pacts established Roman Catholicism as the state religion of Italy and placed Vatican City under the sovereignty of the Pope.) The Pope had indicated to him in no uncertain terms that the pacts had to be included in the written Constitution and nothing else would do. De Gasperi is a devout Catholic.

At the same time, a section of Italy's workingmen—riveters, truck drivers, partisans, clerks, dockers—were getting restless within the framework of the Confederation of Labor, which was the true national union and was tightly and ruthlessly controlled by the Communists. These men felt the need to adhere to a political party that was more consistent with the Catholic tradition of the country. Respect for this tradition is the greatest political strength that Alcide de Gasperi has. This sectional discontent developed very strongly under a man called Giulio Pastore, who looked to the

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ALCIDE DE GASPERI

Prime Minister for approval should he initiate a breakaway.

Unfortunately the vote in the Chamber on the Vatican issue was proving minute by minute to be a closer squeeze than even de Gasperi had expected. It was to be a secret ballot. He knew that in his own party some members were opposed to the reinclusion of the Lateran Pacts in the Constitution, although if they were threatened with the big stick, they would fall into line. But a secret ballot would destroy the fear of strict party control. All parties to the Left of de Gasperi's own could be counted on to oppose the pacts. Togliatti would speak last in the debate. If he succeeded in appealing successfully to even one Demo-Christian conscience, the Lateran Pacts would be lost and de Gasperi would have to face the anger of the Vatican.

At this moment Togliatti came to him and proposed a bargain. If the Prime Minister would advise Pastore to leave the trade-union movement alone, Togliatti would swing his 104 Communist votes to the side of the Vatican. De Gasperi had to choose. He could order Pastore to come out and break the Communist control of the trade unions, which the Prime Minister devoutly wanted, or he could make absolutely sure that the Lateran Pacts were in the Constitution. He accepted Togliatti's proposal. The pacts were passed; Pastore received no word to revolt; and the Communists quietly went about disciplining the recalcitrant trade unionists.

Today Togliatti claims that he voted for the inclusion of the Lateran Pacts in the Constitution because he did not wish to disturb the religious peace of Italy. And there is no way in which the average Italian can get any idea of the real issues involved, especially since Communists have begun displaying crucifixes in party headquarters, and Communist leaders are dutifully attending Mass.

Recently lights were burning in the Vatican until three o'clock in the morning as officials waited to hear what the Assembly had decided about Article 23. Article 23 concerned the question of divorce. With no political advantage to be gained, Togliatti's 104 Communist votes went against the Church.

At the moment the energies of the Communist Party are being directed toward recruiting more women; only about three percent are members of the party. Italian Catholic women are naturally conservative, frightened of communism, and have left politics pretty much to the men. But thousands of Italian homes have experienced domestic discord of one type or another because of the exigencies of the war years, and old ties and old loyalties are not what they were. In spite of changing conditions, de Gasperi looks to the Union of Catholic Italian Women, which is six million strong, to offer a solid bulwark to outright Communist victory in the April elections.

The amount of work and responsibility which Togliatti carries upon his shoulders cannot be administered by one man. He places greatest trust in men of his own generation, all of whom have suffered for their beliefs. Under fascism, men like Mauro Scoccimarra, Ruggero Grieco, Giuseppe di Vittorio and Luigi Longo received long prison sentences. The difficulty of coming to any lasting compromise with such men in terms of fundamental beliefs can be imagined. The essence of their faith is the simple statement that Karl Marx is right and everybody else is wrong.

Both Nenni and Togliatti are united today in the view that American capitalism is European enemy number one.

PALMIRO TOGLIATTI

The rank and file of the Communists in Italy are ready to challenge the established order of society as soon as the word is given. Togliatti will not give that word for months, perhaps for years, because he is convinced that his party is still making headway and that should blood flow in Italy soon, the impulse will come from the great estate owners and the powerful industrialists, who will not go down without a fight.

The Communists' greatest weakness is that they are unable to deny their link with Moscow. Togliatti is always least convincing when he is arguing on grounds of national patriotism, because his party gives so many proofs of acting in concert with agencies in other countries. The setting up of the Belgrade Cominform took place with two of Italian communism's most influential members present.

Togliatti claims to be fighting to free Italy from clerical government, and he and the Communists say that a rift already exists between the Catholic masses and the hierarchy of the Church. Together with other hard, able men leading the struggle for the assertion of human values other than those for which the Western world stands, Togliatti and his Communists will have to prove the point by seeing that de Gasperi polls less than the 12 million votes he expects in the April elections. This is the minimum de Gasperi must have to hold his own against the Communists.

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SUCCESS BEGINS IN PRISON

At Clinton Farms, N. J., delinquent women receive a chance for normal lives under a plan that uses neither walls nor bars **by Mary Smart & Jane Whitbread**

WOMEN'S PRISONS have long been the proving ground for penal reforms which then become accepted practice in progressive prisons everywhere. Because the incidence of crime has increased throughout the world since prewar days—in the US, state and municipal arrests have nearly doubled since 1938—penologists are looking to advanced women's prisons in an effort to find the answer to one of their knottiest problems—how to turn inexperienced offenders into constructive citizens rather than habitual repeaters.

One of the most progressive women's prisons in the United States is Clinton Farms, New Jersey's only State Reformatory for Women. In the last decade only 10 former "Clintonians" have been recommitted to Clinton for new crimes. Clinton Farms is further distinguished by its ability to keep 438 "girls"—half of them under 23—on its grassy 346-acre grounds without bars, walls, guards, or even locks.

Many prisons have learned that the best way to correct anti-social attitudes is to offer each individual a chance for self-respect and self-support. But none has gone as far as Clinton, where there is nothing but the "honor system" (and the prospect of a lengthened sentence for runaways) to keep a girl on the premises. "The more normal we make life here, the less apt the girls will be to fail when they go back to a less protected environment," says Edna Mahan, Clinton's superintendent, whom recognized prison authorities call "top woman in the field." This is Clinton's platform for building useful citizens.

Despite the lack of conventional prison props and the informal, work-a-day atmosphere of the Clinton campus, it is doubtful that an "insider" has ever gone so far as to forget she is doing a stretch. The absence of men is one obvious reminder. Confinement within the grounds is another. Aside from these two painful irregularities, Clinton offers as reasonable a facsimile of normal life as life on the inside of an institution can be. By giving girls freedom of choice in student government, work programs and recreation, Clinton gives them practice in exercising judgment, teaches them the difference between freedom and lawlessness, and nearly always convinces them that "normalcy" can be more satisfying than delinquency.

The case of 18-year-old Jessie Rubano is fairly typical. Jessie arrived one morning in June with an indeterminate reformatory sentence, maximum three years, for "engaging in unlawful sexual intercourse." She expected to find a grim, gray institution and a hard-faced matron who would put her behind bars. Instead, she saw six vine-covered brick cottages set on gently sloping grounds, together with the modern, well equipped Stevens Hospital, where her baby would be born, and the white wooden Chapel of the Good Shepherd, where it would be baptized.

Jessie was sent to the hospital, where she was examined and tested for communicable diseases. Then, since she was pregnant, she was assigned to Wittpenn Cottage. Here mothers live in one wing, while their children occupy a supervised nursery in the other wing. Cottages have their own kitchens, dining rooms and recreation rooms. As far as planning permits, girls have their own rooms, which they fix up with matching bedspreads and curtains, radios, bookcases, even samplers hand-embroidered with such mottoes as *"Per aspera ad astra."*

After Jessie had changed into the gray chambray dress which is the uniform of Clinton probationers, she was taken to Edna Mahan's comfortable pine-paneled office for her first interview. The superintendent's approach to the timid, frightened girl was cordial but matter-of-fact. As she asked routine questions about her background, she had time to make a tentative appraisal of Jessie's personality and reaction to Clinton.

Jessie came from a family of 12 children. At 15 she was made pregnant by a 25-year-old youth who skipped town when he heard the news. Her mother turned the baby over to an orphanage, where it died, and then turned Jessie out of the house. After that, she said, "I just ran the streets." With no education, no judgment and no security, she was an easy mark for men who promised her love and protection. When she became pregnant a second time, she was sentenced to Clinton.

When Edna Mahan asked her the key question she puts to all new girls in their first interview: "What are your plans for the future?" Jessie replied, "I want to keep my baby and take care of it right." Clinton recognized this eagerness to grow up and assume responsibility as a powerful ally in the fight to win her back from delinquency.

Of Clinton's 438 women, 400 have indeterminate sentences, which means they may be paroled after serving the minimum term if their adjustment is satisfactory. This was the incentive Clinton offered Jessie to change from a child into a mature, responsible woman. In her first day she had learned that Clinton's goal was to send useful citizens rather than social liabilities back to society.

A flood of women differing in mentality, age, social background, economic level and physical capacity present Clinton with a population differing widely in personal problems and goals. Clinton's Classification Com-

The authors have contributed to the New Republic, Mademoiselle, Collier's, '48, etc. *At present, Mary Smart has an advertising job in New York City, and Jane Whitbread is writing a novel.*

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mittee helps each individual plan her future in terms of her aptitudes and prospects. Its members—the superintendent, psychologist, cottage supervisor, doctor, parole officer and work supervisor—studied reports on Jessie's background, personality, health, adjustment to her work and to her colleagues.

Like other pregnant women at Clinton, Jessie had been assigned to light housework when she came in. Her work supervisor reported that she had upset the routine by sticking hairpins in electric-light plugs and displaying a type of deviltry quite out of keeping with her first subdued reaction to the Farms. This conduct seemed to call for stern discipline. However, Clinton's psychologist reminded other committee members that Jessie was extremely immature and needed the affectionate guidance which her mother had failed to give her.

Her cottage matron pointed out that since Jessie wanted to bring up her own baby, she might do better at nursery work, which would stimulate her interest in children. Lillian Kornitsky, head of Clinton's educational department, suggested that Jessie start courses in baby care and hygiene as a further incentive to good behavior. With this tentative plan in mind, the committee called Jessie in for her first interview. She left knowing that six members of Clinton's staff had a watchful, protective eye on her and were ready to help her prepare for her own and Clinton's goal—early parole and a useful life outside.

While Clinton has never made a point of manufacturing discomfort and work to punish its population, life there is no sinecure. Everyone puts in eight hours a day—the girls raise half the food they eat, and do hospital duty, cooking, cleaning, laundry work. "I'd rather work than sit around with my thoughts," said a slender girl bandit when she volunteered to help with the haying after her regular chores were done.

Intellectually promising girls are given a chance to finish grammar and high school. Those with an artistic bent can join the glee club, art class, music-appreciation course, or study dancing. Socially conscious students are offered a course called Problems of Democracy. Girls who have to support themselves can learn pattern making, cutting and power sewing in Clinton's small clothing factory. During the war they turned out shirts and overalls for the Navy. Those who are fitted to become beauty-parlor operators take a course worth $200 on the outside. After 1,000 practice hours they are taken to Trenton, and if they pass the state examination, get a license which qualifies them for jobs that pay as much as $50 a week.

Clinton doesn't want its girls to feel that they are learning to live in a test tube. It therefore encourages contacts with the outside to remind the girls that a place is waiting for them as soon as they are ready. The public is invited to glee-club concerts, to the Christmas play and the annual summer circus. Interested outsiders appear at informal discussion groups or send their friends to entertain. The Current Events Club organizes Clinton's life, holds debates where girls represent opposing candidates and battle for their respective views. On election-day eve a mass meeting, with all the earmarks of a big city pre-election rally, winds up the campaign which culminates in a straw vote the next day. Clinton's staff spent an evening on the auditorium stage answering questions about the institution and its program. "They sure are square shooters," said a 19-year-old girl who had held up a candy store several months before.

The purpose of these activities is not merely to brighten the lives of shut-ins. It is Clinton's way of saying: "This is the world you're going back to. Plan for it; prepare for it; spend your time at Clinton making yourself ready for it; never lose sight of the second chance that waits for you outside."

The work of the Classification Committee is the administration's way of helping girls help themselves. Even this advanced system would fail unless the girls developed within themselves a will to live acceptable lives and the moral strength to choose right from wrong. For this reason a large part of every Clintonian's life is regulated by the honor system, sustained by no written rules and few oral ones.

To tip the scales slightly in favor of self-improvement, the honor system, like the classification system, has a coveted goal—early parole and a return to normal life. Under the classification system a girl advances by the vote of her colleagues to progressively greater responsibility and freedom until she has proved herself emotionally stable and ready to return to a less protected environment.

The smallest and lowliest group in the Clinton hierarchy are the probationers, mostly newcomers. They have few privileges. However, they soon learn that they can become honor girls themselves in three months or less if they win the approval of their housemates. Success means less supervision and more privileges, among them the right to discard the gray chambray uniform for a choice of print dresses, permission to use cosmetics and wear jewelry, to write letters, have visitors, etc. It also makes girls eligible for the most coveted prison job—day parole. Since 1941, Clintonians have earned $50,000 (with only one runaway) from working by the day in the homes of responsible neighbors in the community.

When Jessie started off on the wrong foot, the staff helped her to redeem

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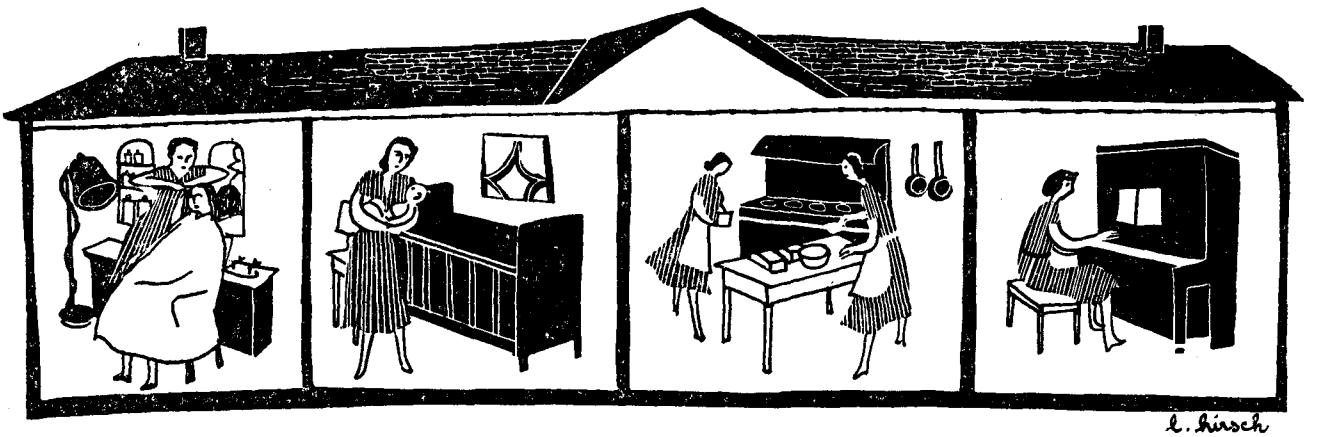

herself by giving her a work program that would stimulate her interest. The girls in her cottage soon made her understand that if she wanted friends at Clinton she would have to help make things run smoothly instead of upsetting cottage life by childish pranks and displays of temper.

Honor girls, who pass judgment on the attitude, achievements and general savoir faire of their colleagues, frequently behave with the self-righteousness of a prep-school student council. Recently a girl was voted down for membership because her attitude was all wrong. When Jessie came up for election to the honor group, her cottage mates agreed that she had made the grade.

Two-thirds of Clinton's population are honor girls, and a handful who show the dynamic qualities of personality which make them natural leaders are elected Student Officers. In many cases they can enforce discipline more effectively than higher authorities because "insiders" are more responsive to criticism from one of themselves. Hence they meet regularly with staff officers to figure out disciplinary tactics and strategy, then take the initiative in feeling out potential sore spots and eliminating them before they become problems.

Outsiders consider the system of progressively greater incentives for good behavior and effort the distinguishing feature of Clinton. An insider, comparing Clinton with other prisons she had passed through, said: "There's always something to look forward to here. When you come in you work for your honor dress. Then you work for day parole. Then you work for parole. At —— it was always the same. You just kept on working and nothing ever happened until you went out on parole."

Before she is paroled, each girl must work out a concrete plan for her future to be approved by Clinton's parole board. For example, Dora L——, a confirmed alcoholic when she came to the Farms, became a member of Clinton's Alcoholics Anonymous unit. When she left she was determined never to take a drink again, but like all newly reformed alcoholics, she was not sure she had the necessary will power. Clinton paroled her to an Alcoholics Anonymous family who helped her to resist temptation.

Jessie Rubano's interest in child care led to her parole, as a nursemaid, in the home of a magazine writer who teaches a home-making course at Clinton. A year after she went out on parole, she met a neighboring farmer who married her and adopted her child. Her success story is complete.

Outsiders are usually skeptical of Clinton's utopian program until they see it work. Even though a runaway can stroll several hundred yards to the main highway, only 79 girls have been tempted to go AWOL in the last five years. All but five either thought better of the idea and returned under their own power or were picked up by the police and brought back for lengthened sentences.

Society is inclined to scoff at the "pampering" which institutions like Clinton believe is an essential part of their therapy. Is it coddling prisoners to give them courses in music appreciation, modern European history, and art?

Each girl who spends a year in Clinton costs New Jersey taxpayers $566. This is considerably less than the per-capita cost of other institutions which boast the trimmings of barbed wire and armed guards. In spite of the strict provisions of Jersey parole, only 15 percent of the parolees have been remanded to Clinton for violation in the last 10 years. But the real test of success of a prison is the behavior of the inmates after they get out.

Lenore G——, 18 years old, put her illegitimate baby in a shoe box and then checked it in a railroad station in an attempt to conceal the birth from her father. When she came to Clinton in 1940 she was allowed to take its beauty-operator course, and finally passed the state examination and got a license. This year Lenore earned parole. Like many Clinton graduates she continues to take pride in her stretch at the Farms. Last week she wrote Edna Mahan:

I'm sure you would be interested in knowing that I have a permanent position in Martin's Beauty Shop. I earn $45 to $50 a week. I may never see you again, but through life I shall always remember you. None of us can half repay you for helping us to find the good in ourselves and bringing it out. There are many facts I'd like to express that Clinton Farms has taught me to believe in, but all I can say is a heart full of thanks and a promise to keep growing, keep learning, keep succeeding.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE CULT OF CONTENTMENT

by Frederic Wertham

THE FASHION this season prescribes psychoanalysis. Even Emil Ludwig, a most reliable literary fashion designer, has switched from the Nile to the Danube. You can wear psychoanalysis at cocktail parties, in the evening and at work—almost any kind of work. If the late Lord Keynes, the rich man's Karl Marx, cannot help us to restore the ruined economies of Europe, Dr. Chisholm and psychoanalysis will. Peace on earth seems farther away than ever, but *Peace of Mind* awaits us at the nearest bookstore.

The tremendous amount of popular reading in psychopathology is an important social phenomenon. What does it mean—progress or decadence, search for truth or for a psycho-best-seller, popular enlightenment or diversion from the real problems of our sick society, clarity or confusion?

Among the many recent books on psychoanalysis and related subjects, the most significant for general orientation is *Deep Analysis,* by Charles Berg (Norton; $3.50). This is Freud without frills. It is sincere, lucidly presented and without the repetitiousness and opacity of so much psychoanalytic writing. It is one of the few books to present the whole course of an analysis. Especially helpful is the detailed description of the patient-doctor relationship, which is well worked out from a formal point of view.

The case itself leads to no new analytic insights, but the description of the method, of the old-style psychoanalytic procedure of passivity and reliance on decoding of symbols by free association, is revealing. *Deep Analysis* brings home the fact that in order to guard the heritage of Freud we must develop it. For it stands at the precise point where research becomes routine and routine becomes ritual.

The clearness and completeness of the author's presentation expose sharply the weaknesses of orthodox old-style technique. He interprets *into* the case. Two worn clichés dominate the doctor's—and, as the analysis progresses, the patient's—thinking: the Oedipus complex and the castration complex. It becomes obvious that in the analytic situation in which he wishes to please his analyst, the patient unconsciously adopts terms and ideas not deeply his own. His dreams may be spontaneous expressions (even some of these are partly influenced), but his "free associations" are evidently not always free. As the analysis progresses, the patient acts more and more like a student and learns to know Freud but not himself.

The result is a psychological composition which consists entirely in variations on the theme of the Oedipus complex and the castration complex. Valuable material indicated in unanalyzed parts of the patient's dreams and referring really to basic pathogenic conflicts in his life gets lost. So we the readers—and what is more important, the patient—do not get a real dynamic understanding of the neurosis, or a proper picture of the personality and its specific struggles and problems. The analyst directs the spotlight of his attention on one part of the statue (guess which) and leaves the rest in darkness.

The paradox is this: in the attempt to devote a whole book to one complete case study, the patient is removed so completely from his social and historical context that he ceases to be an individual. As Samuel Pepys said after hearing one of Dr. Bates's sermons: "he making a very good sermon, and very little reflection in it to anything of the times."

Criticism of old-style techniques is constructive only if it emphasizes the value of the essential parts of classic psychoanalytic method and doctrine. It is a pity, therefore, that the diehards of the orthodox school have left themselves open to such a slickly destructive attack as Emil Ludwig makes in *Doctor Freud* (Hellman, Williams; $3).

The stereotyped use of sexual symbolism is still prevalent enough among conservative psychoanalysts to give some justification to Ludwig's ridicule. But his whole book is a diatribe of such low caliber that it can be taken seriously only in one respect: namely, the harm that the German edition (which appeared a year before the American one) can do to the youth of

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Central Europe which is struggling to find its rational self.

If the story is true that Freud refused to authorize Ludwig to write his biography, his foresight was remarkable. *Doctor Freud,* which is supposed to be a biography and an evaluation of psychoanalysis, is a mixture of malice and ignorance, adorned with inaccuracies, distortions and misleading quotations. In the "unabridged and unexpurgated" American edition, Ludwig's hateful shafts against Freud and his megalomania in comparing his own work favorably with Freud's are mitigated. Where in the German edition he says, "Freud discovers the destructive elements, I the constructive ones," the American edition reads, "Freud uncovers destructive developments; I recognize these, and constructive ones also."

From Ludwig's facile juggling with words and ideas one hopefully turns to Helen Walker Puner's *Freud: His Life and His Mind* (Howell, Soskin; $4), only to be disappointed.

Mrs. Puner views the cosmopolitanism of scientific Vienna through the provincialism of psycho-sophisticated New York. There is no reason why a lay writer cannot produce a good biography of a great scientist. Muriel Rukeyser proved this in her biography of Willard Gibbs. But where Miss Rukeyser showed skill, judgment and respect, Mrs. Puner is glib, one-sided and scientifically unlettered.

She does not understand the enormous resistance that Freud had to face, nor the reasons for this resistance in the concrete historical circumstances of the time and in the specific history of psychiatry and psychology. Even her attempt to depict Vienna is unsuccessful, as shown by the simple example of her mistranslation of *Gemütlichkeit* as "the condition of being comfortable."

Such expressions as "the dark and demented regions of the unconscious mind" can only further confuse the readers for whom such a book is intended, while statements like "Freud was a doctor and a patient at the same time" convey an idea of this book's belittling tenor. To make it appear that Freud felt his ideas to be "divinely inspired" is to misunderstand not only a great scientist, but the nature of science itself.

Like many others, the author of this book fails to realize how difficult it was to convey the ideas subsumed under the term "Oedipus complex." To use legend and literature for a psychiatric term was a master stroke and it facilitated the understanding of a whole new progressive trend in science. But Mrs. Puner makes the naïve assertion that, "Had he called the whole phenomenon by another name, it would undoubtedly have been recognized much earlier."

Hand in hand with underevaluation of Freud goes a typical overevaluation of recent American psychoanalytic generalizations. This leads Mrs. Puner to

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such erroneous statements as, "Much of what Freud charted in the realm of sexuality is now regarded as antiquated." It would have been better for everyone concerned had she tried harder to understand Freud and less hard to interpret him.

One turns with relief to the writings of the subject of these biographies. *Freud: On War, Sex and Neurosis,* edited by Sander Katz (Arts and Science Press; $3), is a judicious choice of significant essays, making use of the best available translations. These writings bring out the excellence of Freud's style, probably the best didactic style of our time. The selection expresses the close association in his work between the practical and the theoretical, the concrete and the abstract, the clinical and the philosophical, the literary and the scientific, the individual and the social. The brief chapter, "The Sexual Enlightenment of Children," closes with the famous sentence about "the impossibility of carrying through a reform in one particular without altering the foundations of the whole system," which is not a simple declaration but the statement of today's most urgent scientific problem in psychoanalysis.

In the periphery of the sciences, especially of psychology, there is a common misconception: that a man who can handle words must have a relationship to ideas, or even to facts. Harry Stack Sullivan's *Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry* (William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation; Washington, D. C., $2) is a case in point. It is printed on bright canary-yellow paper like one of the more extravagant little magazines.

This volume is a discursive dissertation composed of affected platitudes and pseudo-erudite pronouncements. Were I to select ten psychiatric books about the present state of American psychiatry for the use of a future historian, this would be a "must" because it shows the unparalleled lack of criticism and responsibility that permits a book of this sort to be published, read and highly endorsed.

One aspect of our whole civilization is illustrated in *The Mind in Action,* by Eric Berne (Simon and Schuster; $3), introduction by the late A. A. Brill, and selected by the Non-Fiction Book Club. It is a book on psychoanalysis that anybody could have written—and often has. It is a plea for the most orthodox psychoanalysis for everybody, in the guise of "A Layman's Guide to Psychiatry." It is more glib than critical, more diffuse than comprehensive, and too superficial for a treatise on "deep psychology." Viewing psychiatry (and indeed all life) from the standpoint of orthodox analysis is like looking at it in one of those sideshow mirrors seen in carnivals, which distort some details and blur the whole picture.

With the excuse that he has to be didactic, the author presents a pseudo-simplification which makes everything so complicated that the reader can receive only one impression: go to the nearest dollar-a-minute psychoanalyst right off—or else.

In his ignorance of shorter and more active forms of psychoanalysis, Berne leaves out the largest part of the whole field of practical psychotherapy and its theoretical foundation. When he does not deal with the often repeated, strictly Freudian schemes, he imparts disastrously misleading information: "In puberty genital sexual desire arises as a substitute for the desire to kill"; "Masturbation may help to stunt emotional growth"; "The best 'cure' for masturbation is to marry the person one loves." (Philip Wylie wrote of *The Mind in Action* that a copy "should be in every high school.")

The way in which this book, so typical of the you-can't-get-cured-if-you-don't-pay school, suggests that practically everybody should undergo a prolonged orthodox analysis is really shameless: the soldiers who suffered a shock in battle, the children who suffered a shock when they discovered their sexual organs—they all can be saved "only if they are brought to a psychoanalyst when young, or come to a psychoanalyst when they are older."

Berne's discussion of the not uncom-

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mon schizophrenia is amateurish, repeating three times in less than two pages that there is a "splitting of the mind into little pieces which seem to act independently from one another"—a conception of schizophrenia that comes from Hollywood, not from Vienna. While belittling the important work to be done in clinics, the author makes a statement as frightening as it is false, that "the number of neurotics is continually increasing by geometric leaps."

Focusing the minds of people on their own individual problems and seeking solutions only there, is a modern version of the uplift, New Thought type of literature. What it really represents is an evasion of the adult problems of social life, an escape from responsibility to reminiscence, from the immediate to the remote, from social action to individual therapy. It is a cult of contentment. But since we belong to a generation (the pre-Third World War generation) beset by social pressures and responsibilities, this debasement of a science becomes in practice a cult of confusion. Freud has not conquered America; America has conquered Freud.

THE OTHER AMERICAS

THE SOUTHERN AMERICAS: A NEW CHRONICLE, by Abel Plenn (Creative Age Press; $4).

ABEL PLENN, whose *Wind in the Olive Trees* was a bitter report on the war record of Franco's Spain, turns in his new book to the pageant of Latin American history, but his passion for

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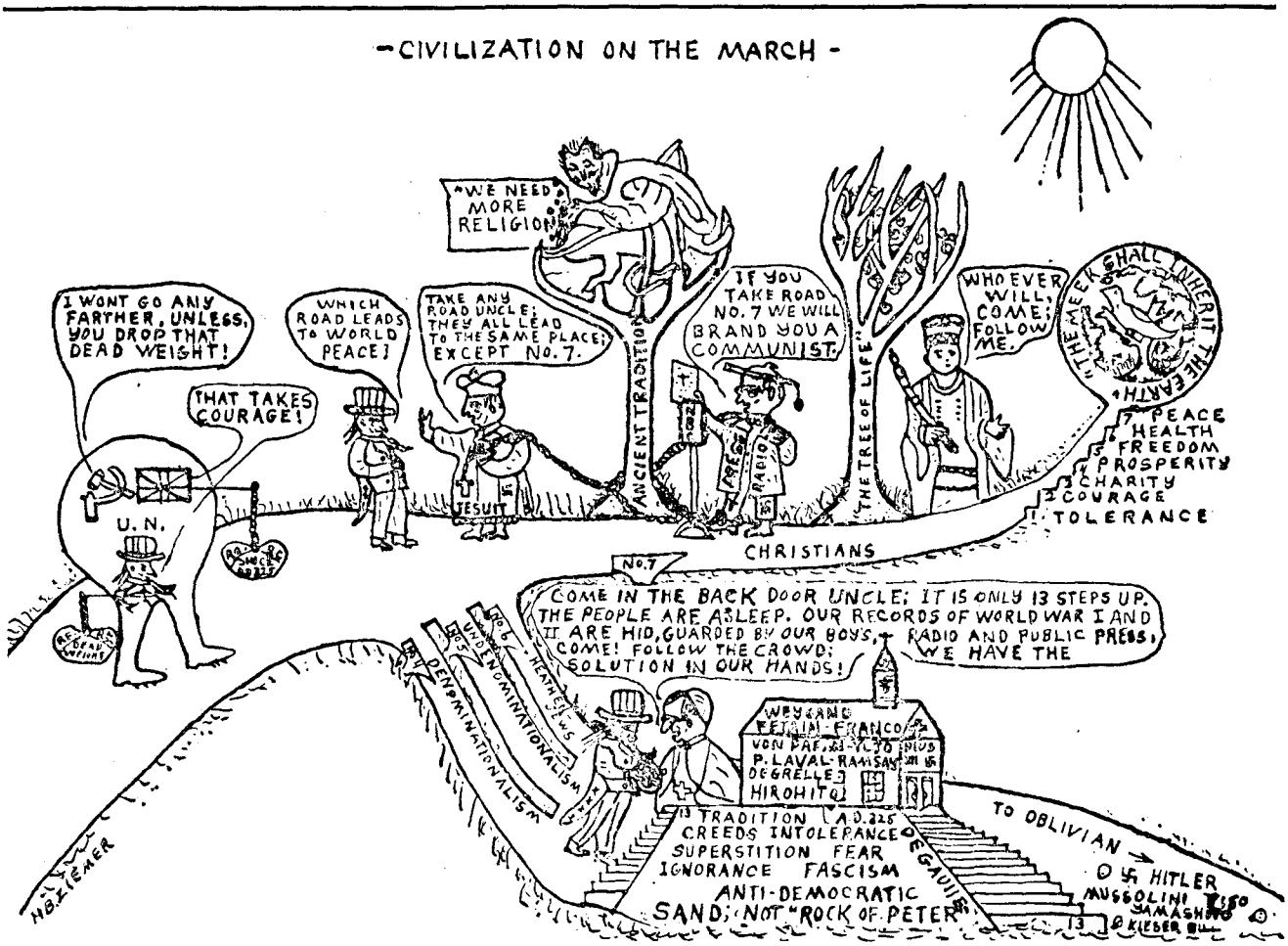
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PORTRAIT OF LATIN AMERICA, HASTINGS HOUSE

democracy and social justice is unchanged. *The Southern Americas* is composed chiefly of documents and reports by major and minor participants in the history of South America. The selections range from journals by Christopher Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci to reminiscences by a Frenchman imprisoned by the Inquisition in Mexico and by a diplomat from the United States who witnessed a recent revolution in Bolivia.

The book moves from ancient Mayan lore about the Creation to an "Open Letter to North Americans," concerning the plight of present-day Columbian coffee workers. While Plenn's contribution consists of his selection and editing, with brief commentaries connecting the documents, *The Southen Americas* is unified not only by its subject matter, but by its author's sympathy for the fight against backwardness, tyranny and imperialism, and the rise of the democratic ideal.

As a history his book is too diffuse in its material and covers too much ground hastily to be anything more than fairly superficial. Futhermore, there are at least two minor complaints to be made against the commentary. In the first place, the author's style often has the rhapsodic quality of the prose found in many documentary films:

> Out of the steaming forests where the fat and curling rivers nursed against the thousand-breasted mother of them all, the Amazonian offspring of that great inland sea no longer remembered; out of the salt of both her present oceans, her Caribbean sea which holds the hurricane's eye . . .

In the second place, his interest in social and political issues occasionally tempts him to write a general editorial attributing his own opinions to the South Americans. It would be gratifying to find that the peoples of those lands really are "concerned over the abandonment of the Roosevelt policy toward the USSR," but I fear the concern is rather Plenn's.

One of the aspects which might seem to add to the superficiality of the work is its frank preoccupation with the color, drama and pageantry of the history it is recording. It happens that, among other qualities, the history of Latin America *has* been colorful, dramatic and filled with pageantry; as it has also been painful, heart-breaking and dark with suffering and poverty. Since one of the important purposes of the book is to interest North American readers in the story of their southern neighbors—a story which they too frequently ignore—this mixing of drama and narrative skill with the hard facts of one of the world's great struggles for liberty and democracy is the most justifiable kind of popularization.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

MAN AS AN AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A STUDY IN NATIONAL CHARACTER, by Geoffrey Gorer (W. W. Norton; $3).

GEOFFREY GORER, a British cultural anthropologist, knows more about the face and mind of the United States than most people who take it for granted that they are 100-percent American. In the seven (not consecutive) years he has spent in this country, he has been in forty states, although he admits that for the greater part of the time he lived in Washington, D. C., "this curious city whose one industry is government."

He further admits that his book "is concerned with only about two-thirds of the inhabitants of the United States." As he wisely observes: "The history, the traditions, and even to a large extent the population of the Southern states, and to a lesser degree Texas, rural New England and California, contrast so strongly with those of the remaining portion of the country that proper consideration would demand for each of these subcultures treatment nearly as extensive as this book."

The engaging originality of Gorer's book is that he has treated this two-thirds of the inhabitants of the United States (whom he calls unscientifically and unhistorically "Americans") with the same anthropological techniques that he might have used to discuss the proverbial Easter Islanders, or the Lepchas of Sikkim whom he has also studied. He writes, by the way, with an easy wit which, in contrast to the clumsiness of his North American cousins, is apparently the birthright of the true-born Englishman. It is occasionally marred, however, possibly for the sake of irony, by the jargon of "social science."

But *The American People* is a valuable and informed account of the main aspects of life in the United

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States in the past decade. Gorer emphasizes properly the Oedipal nature of American family life ("Momism"), the deference to the child, the "American males' . . . panic fear of their own potential homosexuality," and a factor that only a few other native or foreign observers have recognized adequately: the preponderance of differences over similarities between Britain and America.

On this level Gorer is extremely good. He has studied with, and freely acknowledges his debts to, such excellent cultural anthropologists as Mead, Benedict and Dollard. He quite possibly should have stayed within the narrower limits of his field since his excursions into the neighboring realms of politics and economics lack the detached observation and the wit of the bulk of his book. When he wanders off on Russia or the American Left, Britannia waives the rules.

The book has, unfortunately, no index. GEORGE MAYBERRY

LABOR IN VAIN

MOURNING BECAME MRS. SPENDLOVE, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Creative Age Press; $2.75).

"THUS AM I SLAYN," by Howard Clewes (E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc.; $3).

THERE ARE few things in this life which give as much satisfaction as the friendship of good and famous men." So says Oliver St. John Gogarty in this recent volume of fourteen "sketches." He is certainly entitled to his opinion, for his acquaintances have included many Names, particularly in the Irish literary revival.

In this book he reminisces on Joyce, Yeats, George Russell and Robert Flaherty. But his remarks are disappointing; he records little *except* his "satisfaction." He writes of his subjects in terms long familiar—biographical fact or literary legend—and in his estimate of them he simply refers to and concurs with other witnesses. For example, to describe Yeats's voice and manner, he quotes from J. M. Hone's biography. Nor is it very informative to tell us that in 1902 Yeats looked like John Sargent's sketch of him. He recalls his life with Joyce in the Martello Tower, but he doesn't add anything to the account at the beginning of *Ulysses*. And he mentions twice, as news, Joyce's famous birthday remark to Yeats. One gathers from his account something he never actually admits: that he found Joyce a rather exasperating fellow and one he could never quite make out.

The other pieces in the book are gentle, whimsical essays on various subjects: a revisit to Dublin, the evidence for the "little people," the more humorous aspects of prostitution. They are familiar examples of a genre usually described as a "lost art."

"Thus Am I Slayn" is ostensibly a war story. Into a little band of "partisans" encircled by the enemy, parachutes an Allied officer with plans for escape. He is greeted with an indifference close to hostility. As the commander of the group puts it: "After you have been cut off from the war for a long time . . . it becomes an oddly local affair in which you can interest yourself or not. . . . The business of taking sides ceases to be very important." Freedom is no enticement: "We like it here, on the whole. Where do we go if we do break out?"

As might be guessed from these quotations, the book isn't content with the possibilities, in this situation, for mere story. It employs a formula for achieving "significance" by which the specific character and incident is blurred and generalized on the trust that it will slip into the universal and symbolic.

But writing often betrays its intention. In this book, Howard Clewes was apparently forced to camouflage his own uncertainty. The result demonstrates that mere vagueness isn't suggestive and a hidden meaning can't be deduced from the lack of an apparent one. JOHN FARRELLY

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RADIO: Dealer's Choice

MILTON BERLE and Groucho Marx are going off the air in April. Berle's demise is routine: the Philip Morris cigarette people and their advertising agency hold that, after a year's trial, Berle's Hooperating—and therefore his cigarette-selling ability—has not been high enough. Marx's case is different. The reason given is as simple as it is amazing: Elgin-American, a firm that paid good money to plug ladies' compacts with Marx's talents, feels that he has sold too many.

But radio at large is still selling frippery, and a pair of relatively new programs on NBC and ABC illustrate the campaign. NBC is offering, at 4:35 p.m. on Sundays, a new documentary series entitled "Living—1948." ABC feeds you (Sundays at 1:15) a revived radio commentator last heard on the network about six or seven years ago. He is Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. (The network bills him, democratically, as "Ted" Weeks. But there is no mistaking the fact that the show originates in his well browsed library on Boston's Beacon Hill.)

Is war on the public's mind now, or ERP, or Benelux? NBC puts out a documentary on the menace of rats, or the position of women in American society. Who dares say these subjects are not important? NBC's production of "Of Rats and Men" was stupendous, but by the time it was over, I felt the star had been not the rat, but the mouse in NBC's planning board.

Raymond Swing's Sunday commentary on ABC was canceled a couple of months ago. Reason? After a year, no sponsor could be found. In place of Swing, ABC spotted Weeks. He, too, is a sustainer, but does he talk about atomic energy or the UN, Palestine or Czechoslovakia? If he does, such subjects are incidental, for there are other things to talk about—and the less pertinent, the better. So Weeks chats—amiably, temperately, genially—of Art and Letters (always in capitals): of cookery, roses that bloom in Texas and fauna that roam the American hinterland. It's nice and genteel. That's just the trouble.

But not all radio these days is so pointless. If you live within earshot of KMPC, Los Angeles, you have perhaps heard newscasts and commentaries that seemed deliberately and consistently slanted. Station KMPC is owned by G. A. Richards.

Recent issues of *Billboard* publish affidavits from three former KMPC staff men who resigned a few weeks ago. They are Clete Roberts, director of news and special events; George L. Lewin, newsroom manager; and Maurice Starrels, news writer and editor.

Starrels declares that on Richards' telephoned instructions: "Following the murder of gangster Bugsy Siegel, I was to emphasize in a newscast that Siegel was Jewish. . . . The funeral story was ordered coupled with items concerning Russia and communism."

Lewin swears: "In general, Mr. Richards told me many times to seek *news items derogatory to the* New Deal, as he always referred to the Truman Administration. He told me to plug always for General MacArthur and Tom Dewey and to keep hammering at the Jews, who are, he said, all Communists. Mr. Richards told me always to follow any story about Communists with a story, derogatory, about any member of the Roosevelt family. . . ."

Roberts is said by the trade magazine to have produced memoranda from Richards instructing the special-events man to help change the minds of voters against the Truman Administration. One memo is quoted as saying: "The tide is turning, Clete, let's keep it going." Another is supposed to have admonished Roberts: "General MacArthur is a great man who believes in Christianity and our way of life . . . who if called upon to be our president would become one of the greatest

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leaders and crusaders of all times. . . . Get this over. Again and again and again. (Signed) GAR."

Richards owns not only KMPC in Los Angeles, but also WJR, "The Good-will Station," Detroit, and WGAR, Cleveland. Each of the three stations operates on 50,000 watts, the highest power permissible. Each has a clear channel; no other station in the country may infringe the outlet's monopoly of its position on the dial. All this means that Richards has been licensed, free, to use a great deal of public-owned air "in the public interest, convenience and necessity."

The charges against Richards are now on the FCC agenda, placed there on a complaint filed by the Radio News Club of Los Angeles. At least one organization is looking into the records of newscasts and news commentaries broadcast by Richards' Detroit station, and a similar move may be started to investigate his Cleveland property. I have the word of Wayne Coy, chairman of the FCC, that the commission would follow through with investigations in Detroit and Cleveland if a complainant came along with a documented case. Any takers?

SAUL CARSON

MUSIC: Dancing Revivalist

FROM THE SERMONS of Billy Sunday, the baseball player turned evangelist, Ruth Page has invented a rough-and-tumble, colloquial American ballet entitled "Billy Sunday; or, Giving the Devil His Due." It was presented on March 2 by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo as the chief novelty of the late winter season in the New York City Center; and it brought from clerical quarters protests against the use of Bible stories as subject matter for popular entertainment.

Making use of both speaking and dancing, Billy bludgeons his congregation into hitting the sawdust trail by preaching a "danced sermon" which dramatizes the snares of temptation and the wiles of the Devil. Billy himself takes part importantly in most of the action. He puts on a crown and royal robe to depict David in the grip of his destructive passion for Bathsheba. He portrays Joseph, relentlessly pursued by Potiphar's fading wife. Wearing a monstrous wig, he gets trimmed by a night-club babe named Delilah.

"Billy Sunday" is as brash and naïve as its hero. The Foolish Virgins, who play right into the hands of the Devil and his imps, are represented as professional 1910 beauties in lurid lavender bathing dresses. Mrs. Potiphar, unforgettably parodied by Alexandra Danilova, is a self-willed harridan swathed in a flamboyant pink fur boa with innumerable ermine tails. Bathsheba disrobes behind a transparent screen in the best peep-show tradition, and Delilah wears a form-fitting, sequin-studded gown, completely corny in its allure. You can't miss the point of these stories, and that is precisely what Billy Sunday intended.

Frederic Franklin, in one of the most successful roles of his career, finds the right low-brow inflection and punchy delivery for Billy's speech, and looks as if he might still have something on the ball. Ruthanna Boris as Bathsheba and Nikita Talin as the Devil share honors with the stagewise Danilova. Despite these excellent individual performances, and despite Paul du Pont's big, splashy tent and ribald costumes, "Billy Sunday" is an uneven accomplishment. It needs a richer supply of dance ideas to keep each episode from letting down after the first impression has been made. It also needs music with more theatrical extroversion, more of the high, wide and handsome about it than Remi Gassmann's painstaking, personal, small-scale score can provide.

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WASHINGTON WIRE

(Continued from page 3)

smaller ones by buying up all their assets. (The present law merely says they mustn't buy up their stock.)

The Republican House passed a phony rent "control" law, which would remove the federal veto and turn control back to local boards, which in many cities are annexes of real-estate lobbies.

Republicans in Congress have just taken another crack at the long-suffering Labor Department, rejecting a Truman executive reorganization proposal to let it handle federal job-finding and unemployment compensation.

Well, these are just samples. Wait till an all-GOP administration gets its hands on the Hull tariff agreements!

The Wisconsin primary on April 6 is coming up, with grief for somebody. It's a sort of "third-man-out" contest, among Dewey, Stassen and MacArthur. It's hard to see how the lowest man in this battle can stay in the election fight. With Hearst, Colonel McCormick and Phil La Follette behind him, MacArthur is making a big battle. It shows Stassen's anxiety that he told Wisconsin listeners he favored the oleo tax—the "farmers" needed it. (Southern farmers who grow cottonseed don't vote in Wisconsin.)

Notes: We congratulate Taft on his lucky escape from the air crash in Maine; after this we understand he's sticking to a covered wagon. . . . A BBC correspondent has been telling London that Stassen pronounces his name with a broad *"a"*; to his chagrin a few weeks ago Stassen officially switched to the flat *"a."* . . . Tired of hearing "set" speeches in the Senate ERP debate, Vandenberg was unmoved when Robertson (R, Wyo.) told the chamber he had spent an hour preparing an address and then had forgotten to bring it over; "Every cloud has a silver lining," observed Vandenberg drily. . . . Senator Lodge (R, Mass.) won his spurs in the ERP debate acting as Vandenberg's lieutenant throughout; he looks to us like a comer.

Washington T. R. B.

THEATER: The Play Isn't Everything

YEARS AGO when it was still considered useful in the theater to discuss something besides box-office statements, a great point was made of the relation between a play and its production. A play, then, was not simply a text but the sum of the elements presented on the stage. The value of this was to help us distinguish between literature and theater so that we might attain a more sensitive appreciation of both.

Now, we ask ourselves only whether the show is getting over. Are we getting sufficient thrill, tickle or tears for our money? We don't particularly care about the means. As a result, we listen less attentively and see less clearly.

Almost everyone agrees that "A Temporary Island" (the Experimental Theatre's fourth production of the season) was dull. Wasn't the plot—about a nineteenth-century New England college president who falls in love with a circus lady—sadly trite? Yet, despite occasional awkwardness, and a foolish attempt at violence to make a climactic curtain for the second act, the play is a delicately lovely poem on the conflict between nature and reason. It is a play about the wayward attraction of everything outside our window, a play that should appeal to harassed people who warm to the thought of a bus driver escaping his regular run by a detour to Florida.

Halsted Welles, the author, should have murdered Halsted Welles, the director. Unfortunately it was the other way 'round: the play's values were ground to dust by the production. The parts were miscast, nearly everything was misinterpreted, and very little that was done embodied the play's meaning.

For example, because Zorina, who plays the glamorous circus lady, is able to do what for most actresses would be impossibly difficult acrobatic exercises, she is introduced to us in the act of performing them. The character is supposed to represent the liquid freedom of nature. What we get is an impression of hard work and graceless strain. When the lady asks the professor to sit on the ground, we should sense the delighted shock of his renewed contact with the earth, but all we see is two actors sitting down.

If there were real theaters in our country, an enterprising company in Boston, Cleveland, Dallas or San Francisco might put on "A Temporary Island" to prove that it is material with which to provide an enchanting evening.

The daily reviewers have suggested that Shaw's ideas in "You Never Can Tell" are now too old-fashioned to make good fun. I don't believe it for a moment. When you consider how disheartenningly slow any real progress is in the world, it seems absurd to claim that Shaw's ideas are out of date.

The true theme of "You Never Can Tell" is not so much the education of children in matters of family, love and sex, as the affirmation of the life spirit as against methodical rationalism. Yet "You Never Can Tell" is almost a harlequinade. It is a theatrical lark verging—as do most Shaw plays—on vaudeville. Disguised as a fashionable English drawing-room comedy, its spirit is pretty much that of a Christmas pantomime.

It reminds us once again that Shaw is a benevolent even more than a merry man. His wit is not as sharp as it is arch, twinkling, almost boyish. It has something of the canny but sentimental clown about it. Its keynote is struck in this play by the Waiter who sees the good side of everything, who is as affable as he is sensible, and who above all is willing—against reason—to give life a chance.

If "You Never Can Tell" should prove unsuccessful here (in contrast to London), it will be due to a short

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circuit in the production. It is not easy to say just what has gone wrong. The actors—all of them capable—appear to exert themselves unnecessarily in their eagerness to make the performance go.

Perhaps Peter Ashmore, an English director, was unsure of the play's reception in America; perhaps the kind of stylization that the play needs was not properly conveyed or was misunderstood by the company. In any case the production at the Martin Beck is wanting in intimacy, airiness and innocence.

But to say that Shaw has grown old only proves that we have. And that we cannot perceive what is happening to a play on a stage.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Director's Picture

BY ITSELF, "Open City" might have been a superlatively lucky accident; "Open City" and "Paisan" together are conclusive proof that Roberto Rossellini is among the greatest living practitioners of the motion picture.

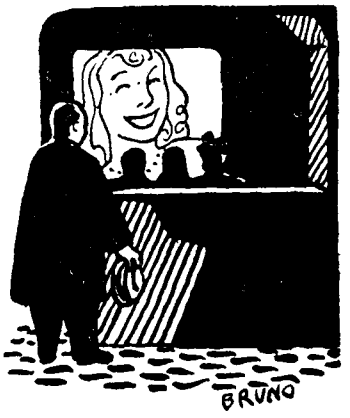
This Italian director seems to me a fine practitioner because, at least to date, he has worked within existing film conventions and has not found the need or the inspiration to create new forms. It would be difficult, I think, to find the Rossellini signature on the work he has sent the US thus far.

At the same time, he has built his films with a kind of inspired opportunism; throwing together the stories, the people, the backgrounds that lay to his hand with the urgency and sureness of a man who has been planning his movements through long months of frustration. "Open City" and "Paisan" seem like outbursts of communication. They are told as rapidly and as forcefully as the camera can absorb images, and since the motion picture is a perfect medium for a man who wants to talk to the point, Rossellini's films have turned out magnificently. Even if he never adventures outside known territory, it will be difficult to find another director today to put alongside him.

Paisan is preëminently a director's picture. The story material is unremarkable; the cast—amateurs, professionals, bit players, all mixed together—is called on to carry out only the simplest and most natural assignments. The quality of the film lies in its pace, its power of concentration, the superb economy with which it makes its points. It is a tiring picture to watch, for each of its six episodes contains enough narrative and enough emotion for a normal full-length picture. This compression to the essence is the director's business.

"Open City" has been called Communist propaganda, and it must be more than coincidence that its two heroes, a Catholic priest and a Communist underground leader, illustrate so patly the Italian Communist policy of cordiality to the Vatican that prevailed when the film was made. It would be much more difficult to read a specific political purpose into "Paisan." Like most Italian films these days, it pleads the moral integrity of the Italian people; it is nationalist, thus, but not ideological.

Paisan was the word the GI used for every Italian he met. The film is a reconstruction, by episodes, of the American Army's progress from Sicily, through Naples, Rome, Florence and the Gothic Line, to the swamplands of the Po River. It is not an account of war, however, but of people at war; and particularly of the special circumstances that arise when soldiers and civilians find themselves coöperating at war. It presupposes the question: "How did the Americans and the Italians get along together?" and answers it in several different ways and at several different levels. The composite answer is that they got along very well—increasingly well as they gained in understanding and trust. That, if you want, is the ulterior message of the film, but Rossellini is too clever a spokesman and too engrossed a storyteller to insist upon it.



The plots out of which he builds his six equivalents of one-act plays are familiar, perilously close to bathos, but he tells them with a clean briskness and an internal honesty of character that make them authentically moving. They do not, like so much movie fare, turn cloying on afterthought. These vignettes are models of a movie form that has seldom been seen since the days of the two and three-reel comedies. A situation is stated quickly, elaborated enough to catch your understanding and sympathy, cut short at the climax. The effect of the old comedies was to leave you gasping; the effect of "Paisan," with the cumulative impact of the episodes and with the kind of story being told, is to leave you emotionally quite spent.

What was said above of the cast was not meant as disparagement. The American soldiers, the Italian peasants and townspeople, the German PW's, the British officer, almost all of them complete amateurs and only one or two with any considerable acting background, play their parts with what looks like effortless conviction. Only in one of the episodes is the performance tight and self-conscious; in the others it goes beyond acting entirely and becomes the fact. This appearance of relaxed veracity may be the result of brilliant coaching or of equally brilliant casting—in either case it leads back again to Rossellini.

ROBERT HATCH

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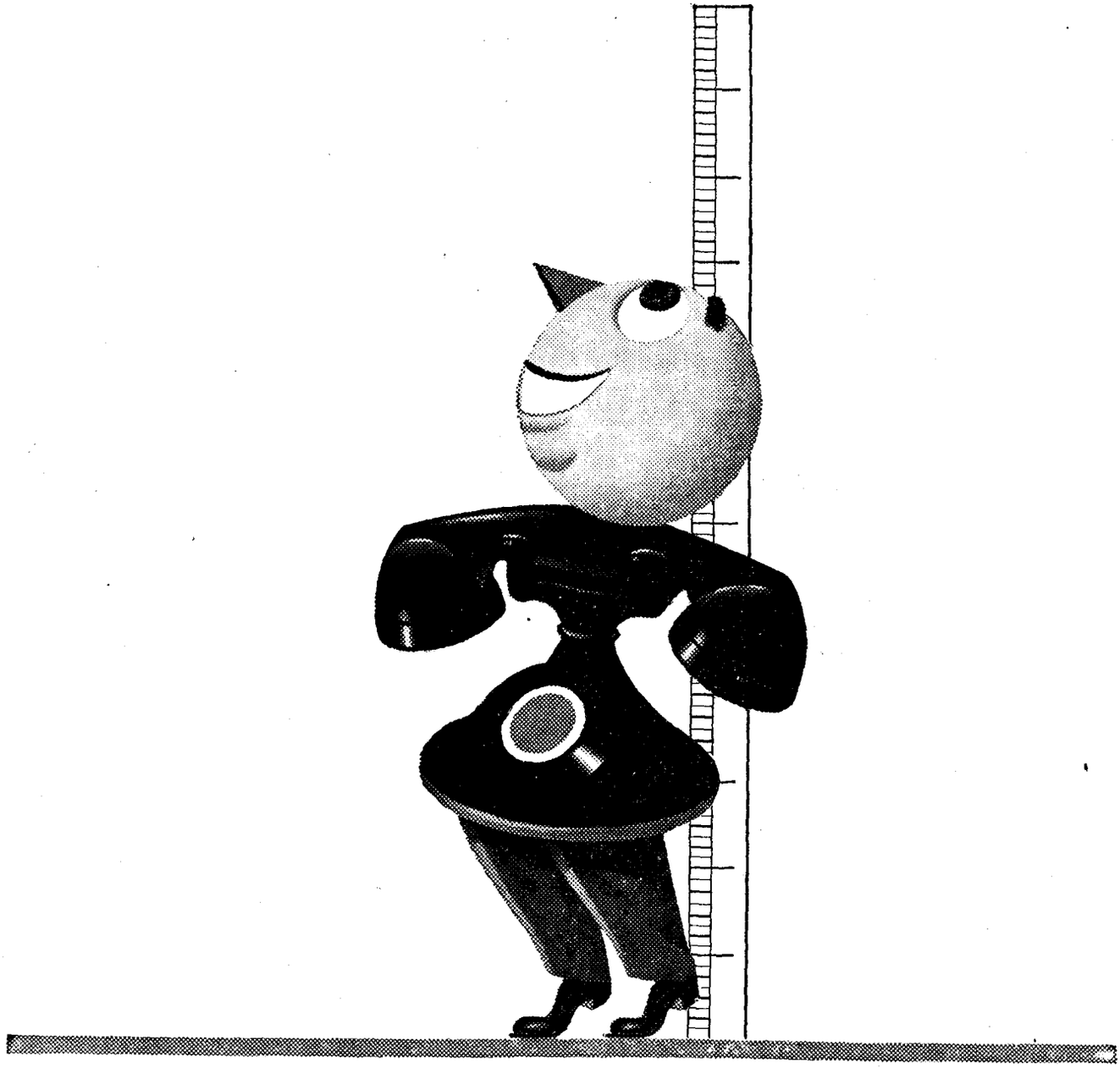

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